No. 8.] [JUNE.] [Price 1s.

# THE VIRGINIANS

## A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

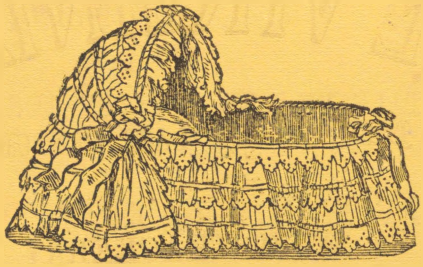
Author of "Esmond,"
"Vanity Fair,"
"The Newcomes,"
&c. &c.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1858.

# CHRISTENING-ROBES FOR PRESENTS,

## 2½ GUINEAS.

BABIES' HOODS, ½ GUINEA.



BABIES' CLOAKS, 1 GUINEA.

## BABIES' BERCEAU-NETTES, 2½ GUINEAS.

Baby Linen, in Complete Sets, of Varied Qualities.
All the beautiful Materials
used in the business
Sold by the Yard.

## MARRIAGE OUTFITS COMPLETE.

Everything necessary for the "Trousseau,"
as well as the inexpensive things required for the
"Indian Voyage."
White Dressing Gowns, 1 Guinea;
Cotton Hosiery, 2s. 6d.;
Patent Corsets, 16s. 6d.;
Real Balbriggan Hosiery.
THIS PART OF THE BUSINESS UNDER THE
MANAGEMENT OF MRS. TAYLOR.

## LADIES' RIDING TROUSERS,

Chamois Leather, with Black Feet.

Waterproof Riding Talma, 1½ Guinea.
Young Gentlemen's Superfine Cloth Jackets, 35s.;
School ditto, 25s.
Young Gentlemen's Shirts, 5s. 6d.
Naval Cadets' Outfits, complete.

## RIDING HABITS, 5½ TO 8 GUINEAS.

Linsey Riding Habits
for little Girls,
2½ Guineas.

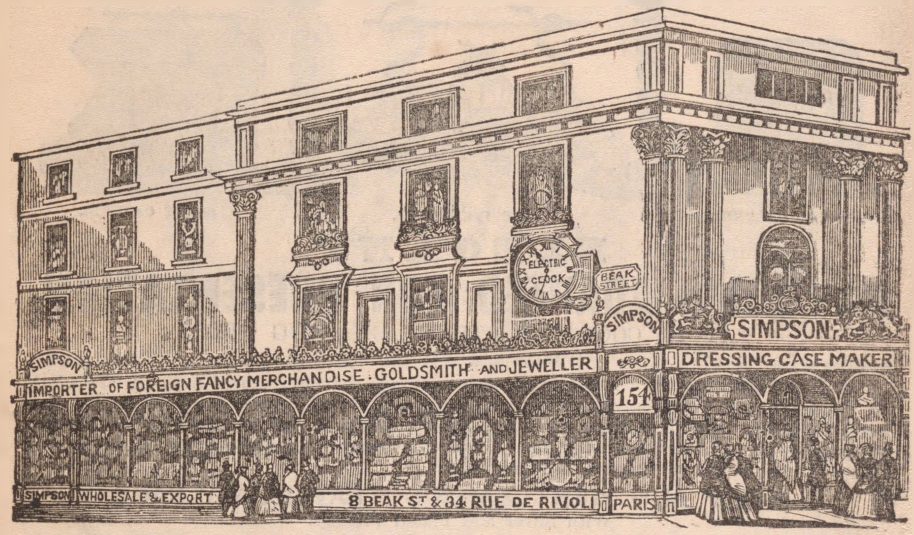
Everything of the Superior Excellence for which the House has been celebrated for Thirty Years.

53, BAKER STREET.

# W. G. TAYLOR.

No. VIII.—JUNE, 1858.

# VIRGINIANS ADVERTISER.


SIMPSON
IMPORTER OF FOREIGN FANCY MERCHANDISE · GOLDSMITH AND JEWELLER
154
SIMPSON
DRESSING CASE MAKER
SIMPSON WHOLESALE & EXPORT
8 BEAK ST & 34 RUE DE RIVOLI PARIS

# T. A. SIMPSON & CO.

*(T. A. Simpson, from Messrs. Howell, James, & Co.),*

## 154, REGENT STREET, AND 8, BEAK STREET.

## WEDDING AND BIRTH-DAY PRESENTS.

T. A. SIMPSON & CO., Goldsmiths, Jewellers, Watch and Clock Manufacturers, and Importers of every description of Fancy Novelties and Articles of Vertù and Utility, beg respectfully to inform their Patrons, the Nobility and Gentry, that they are constantly receiving from their agents at Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort, every novelty in fancy manufactures as soon as produced, and as the greater portion of T. A. S. & Co.'s stock is manufactured expressly for them, their selection is unrivalled, and calculated to maintain the well-known reputation of their house.

For the guidance of those who may be unable to honour their establishment with a visit, T. A. S. & Co. submit the following limited quotation from their Stock, assuring them that any commands intrusted to their care will meet with their best and prompt attention:—

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| French Drawing-room Clocks, from | 2 | 2 | 0 | to | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| French Dining-room Clocks ... ,, | 1 | 5 | 0 | ,, | 20 | 0 | 0 |
| Ladies' Gold Watches ... ,, | 4 | 4 | 0 | ,, | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| Silver Watches ... ,, | 2 | 10 | 0 | ,, | 20 | 0 | 0 |
| Gold Guard Chains ... ,, | 2 | 2 | 0 | ,, | 18 | 0 | 0 |
| Gold Albert Chains ... ,, | 1 | 15 | 0 | ,, | 18 | 0 | 0 |
| Silver-mounted Smelling Bottles ,, | 0 | 2 | 6 | ,, | 5 | 10 | 0 |
| Gold-mounted ditto ... ,, | 2 | 10 | 0 | ,, | 12 | 10 | 0 |
| Gold and Enamel Lockets ... ,, | 0 | 10 | 0 | ,, | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| Gold Necklet Chains, with pendants ... ,, | 2 | 5 | 0 | ,, | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| Gold and Silver Pencil-cases ... ,, | 0 | 2 | 6 | ,, | 8 | 10 | 6 |
| Full Dress and other Fans ... ,, | 0 | 1 | 0 | ,, | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Ladies' Dressing-cases, electro-plated ... ,, | 1 | 10 | 0 | ,, | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| Ladies' Dressing-cases, silver-fitted ... ,, | 5 | 10 | 0 | ,, | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| Gentlemen's Dressing-cases ... ,, | 1 | 0 | 0 | ,, | 50 | 0 | 0 |

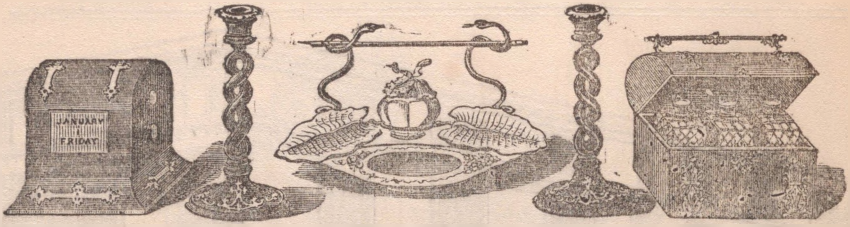
| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Work-boxes, in choice woods, from | 0 | 8 | 6 | to | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Writing-desks, ditto ... ,, | 0 | 10 | 6 | ,, | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| Jewel-cases and Caskets ... ,, | 1 | 1 | 0 | ,, | 30 | 0 | 0 |
| Envelope cases and Blotters ... ,, | 1 | 8 | 0 | ,, | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Letter-weighers (Simpson's) ... ,, | 0 | 8 | 6 | ,, | 6 | 10 | 0 |
| Walnut-wood Inkstands ... ,, | 0 | 8 | 6 | | | | |
| Morocco Carriage Bags ... ,, | 0 | 10 | 0 | ,, | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Ladies' Morocco Bags, fitted with every requisite for dressing, writing, and working ... ,, | 3 | 10 | 0 | ,, | 65 | 0 | 0 |
| Gentlemen's Dressing Bags ... ,, | 3 | 15 | 0 | ,, | 45 | 0 | 0 |
| Opera-glasses ... ,, | 0 | 10 | 6 | ,, | 12 | 10 | 0 |
| Bronze and Ormolu Candlesticks ... ,, | 0 | 5 | 0 | ,, | 9 | 10 | 0 |
| Ditto Candelabra ... ,, | 3 | 0 | 0 | ,, | 35 | 0 | 0 |
| Ormolu Card-trays ... ,, | 0 | 7 | 6 | ,, | 4 | 10 | 0 |
| Ormolu Mounted Vases ... ,, | 0 | 6 | 6 | ,, | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Bagatelle Boards ... ,, | 2 | 0 | 0 | ,, | 20 | 0 | 0 |

Gold, Silver, Jet, and Gilt Bracelets, Brooches, Rings, Necklets, Lockets, Earrings, Studs, Pins, and every description of Jewellery, at moderate prices. Bronzes, Porcelains, Ormolu Table Ornaments, Inkstands, Card-trays, Candelabra, Tazzas, Tapers, Match-boxes, Miniature Frames for the Table, Opera-glasses, Toilet-bottles and Cases, Letter-clips, Trinket-boxes, Ring-stands, Watch-stands, Pen-trays, Glove and Netting-boxes, Paper-knives, Carriage-bags, Reticules, Portmonnaies, Chess and Backgammon-boards, Card-cases, Vinaigrettes, Fuzee-cases, Fruit-knives, Hand-screens, &c., &c., and a large Stock of other Articles suitable for Presents, but too various to enumerate.

**T. A. SIMPSON & Co.,**

**154, Regent Street, and 8, Beak Street, London; and at 34, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.**

# PRESENTS.




PERPETUAL CALENDARS. GILT INKSTANDS. SCENT CASKETS.

## ELEGANT
## NOVELTIES ADAPTED FOR PRESENTATION,

AT 16, COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS
(FACING THE HAYMARKET).

E. BAXTER, STATIONER AND DRESSING-CASE MAKER, having removed from 79, STRAND, to more extensive premises, as above, respectfully solicits an inspection of his varied and beautiful stock, which is entirely new for the present Season. It comprises in the Cabinet Department all the new patterns of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dressing Cases, with Silver and Plated fittings, Desks, Workboxes, Tea-Caddies, &c.

### LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S TRAVELLING BAGS,
With Silver and Plated Fittings.

MEDIÆVAL MOUNTED WRITING DESKS, ENVELOPE, BLOTTING-CASES, AND INK-STANDS EN SUITE, TEA-CADDIES, SCENT CASKETS, &c.

### A VARIETY OF ARTICLES IN INLAID BUHL.

A large selection of

DRINKING FLASKS,
LIQUEUR, PIC-NIC, AND SANDWICH CASES,
WORK RETICULES,
CARD CASES,
TOILET BOTTLES,
TABLETS,
FANS,
PORTE-MONNAIES,

JEWEL CASES,
KEY AND LETTER BOXES,
MORDAN'S GOLD PENS,
" GOLD PENCIL CASES,
" SILVER do.
" LETTER BALANCES,
RAZORS,
SCISSORS,
PENKNIVES,

SPORTING KNIVES,
NEEDLES, [CASES,
GENTLEMEN'S INSTRUMENT
LADIES' do.
PAPER KNIVES,
BOOK SLIDES,
STRING BANDS,
MATCH BARRELS,
CROCHET CASES, &c.

BAGSTER'S POLYGLOT BIBLES AND CHURCH SERVICES.

A splendid Assortment of PARISIAN WORKS OF ART will be found in the Fancy Department, E. B. receiving monthly from his Agent in Paris every novelty immediately on its production.

**BAXTER, 16, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross.**

---

## Depot for DE LA RUE and Co.'s Stationery and Manufactures, as exhibited in the Great Exhibition, 1851,

16, COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS.

The following comprises a few of the articles, a variety of which are always on view:

### DE LA RUE & Co.'s INDELIBLE RED LETTER DIARIES FOR 1858.

### DE LA RUE & CO.'S VICTORIA PLAYING CARDS.

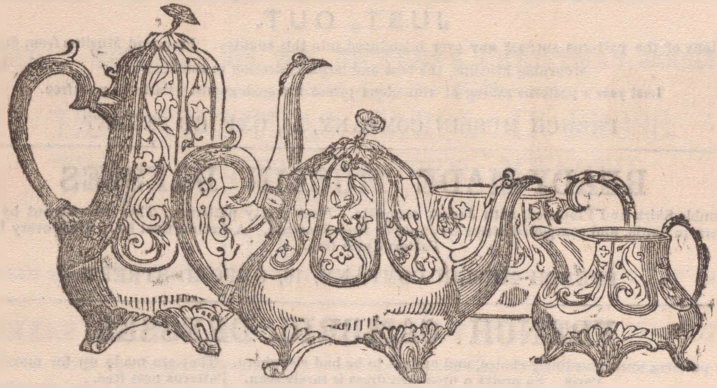
DE LA RUE & Co.'s COMMERCIAL, COMPLIMENTARY, INDIA, AND FOREIGN, MOURNING AND WEDDING STATIONERY AND ENVELOPES IN EVERY VARIETY.

DESPATCH BOXES.
TRAVELLING DESKS.
PORTABLE WRITING CASES.
ALBUMS AND SCRAP BOOKS.
MUSIC, DRAWING, AND SKETCH BOOKS.
MANUSCRIPT AND ADDRESS BOOKS.

LADIES' ENVELOPE AND BLOTTING CASES.
LADIES' DESKS AND WRITING CASES.
LIBRARY STATIONERY CASES AND INKSTANDS.
MANIFOLD LETTER WRITERS.
CARD CASES, POCKET BOOKS, NOTE CASES, &c. &c. &c.

**E. BAXTER, 16, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross.**

# SLACK'S NICKEL ELECTRO-PLATED



Is a coating of pure Silver over Nickel; a combination of two metals possessing such valuable properties renders it in appearance and wear equal to Sterling Silver.

| | Fiddle Pattern. £ s. d. — £ s. d. | | Thread. £ s. d. | | King's. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Table Forks, per doz. ... | 1 10 0 — 1 18 0 | ..... | 2 8 0 | ..... | 3 0 0 |
| Dessert ditto „ ... | 1 0 0 — 1 10 0 | ..... | 1 15 0 | ..... | 2 2 0 |
| Table Spoons „ ... | 1 10 0 — 1 18 0 | ..... | 2 8 0 | ..... | 3 0 0 |
| Dessert ditto „ ... | 1 0 0 — 1 10 0 | ..... | 1 15 0 | ..... | 2 2 0 |
| Tea Spoons „ ... | 0 12 0 — 0 18 0 | ..... | 1 3 6 | ..... | 1 10 0 |

ALSO EVERY ARTICLE FOR THE TABLE.

**A Sample Tea Spoon forwarded on receipt of Twenty Stamps.**

**DISH COVERS.**—Every New Pattern always on show in Electro-plate, Britannia Metal, and Block Tin.

Block Tin Dish Covers, with handles to take off, 18s. the set of six. Ditto, Queen's Pattern, £1 8s. the set of six, Ditto, with Electro-plated handles, £2 7s. 6d. the set of six.

## SLACK'S GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY WAREHOUSE.

Families furnishing may effect a great saving by purchasing at RICHARD & JOHN SLACK'S OLD-ESTABLISHED IRONMONGERY WAREHOUSE, 336, STRAND, opposite Somerset House, where is always on sale a most extensive assortment of Fenders, Fire Irons, Dish Covers, Tea Trays, Table Cutlery, Nickel Silver Wares, and every article in Furnishing Ironmongery of the best manufacture, at prices much lower than other houses. Tea Trays, rom 6s. 6d. the set of three; handsome Papier Mâché, 25s, the set of three.

**Iron Fenders, 3s. 6d. to 6s.; Bronzed Fenders with Standards, from 10s. to 30s.; Fire Irons, 2s. 9d. to 15s.; Roasting Jacks, 7s. 6d. complete; Meat Screens, from 13s.; and every requisite for the Kitchen at equally low prices.**

ILLUSTRATED PRICED CATALOGUES GRATIS AND POST FREE.

**ORDERS above £2, delivered CARRIAGE FREE per Rail.**

## RICHARD & JOHN SLACK, 336, STRAND,

OPPOSITE SOMERSET HOUSE.

# THE NEW FRENCH MUSLINS,

## JUST OUT.

Many of the patterns surpass any ever introduced into this country. Flounced Muslins from 6s. 6d.

Mourning Muslins, the best and largest selection in the kingdom.

Last year's patterns selling at ridiculous prices for such goods. Patterns post free.

FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

---

# READY-MADE MUSLIN DRESSES

Plain, Double Skirt, and Flounced, with Jacket complete. Neat pretty patterns. They are cut out by one of the first cutters in Paris, and completed there by superior French artists. A fresh arrival from Paris every Wednesday. Patterns post free.

FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

---

# FRENCH CAMBRIC DRESSES.

Our new patterns are exceedingly choice, and are not to be had elsewhere. They are made up for morning wear in Paris. So pretty a breakfast dress is rarely seen. Patterns post free.

For country orders, size of waist and round the shoulders is required. The price made up is 12s. 9d.

FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

---

# A PERFECT LADY'S DRESS FOR SPRING,

## AT A SINGULARLY LOW PRICE.

A simple check,—the Material is Cashmere; with rich Ducape side trimming in French Blue, Nut Brown, Black, Violet, French Grey, and the new Green, edged with Velvet. The Skirt is made and lined throughout, the material for Bodice included. Price 14s. 9d.

The additional charge for making the Bodice is 1s. A Drawing of the dress sent post free.

FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

---

## A GEM.

# OUR NEW GUINEA FRENCH MANTLE.

A Drawing sent post free.

FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

Agents for the LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS, embroidered by the Nuns of Pau with the new Dietech Needle. Price 1s. 0½d., per post 14 stamps; 5s. 9d. the half-dozen, by post, 6s. 3d.

---

# WHITE AND BUFF MARCELLA JACKETS.

The prettiest shape in this very elegant article ever produced, and most becoming to the figure.

# THE HALF-GUINEA CLOTH JACKET.

A very pretty shape, just from Paris; to be had in all the fashionable colours.

For country orders, size of waist and round the shoulders is required. A Drawing sent post free.

FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

---

THE GENTLEMEN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR, OR INVISIBLE PERUKE.—The principle upon which this Peruke is made is so superior to everything yet produced, that the Manufacturer invites the honour of a visit from the Sceptic and the Connoisseur, that one may be convinced, and the other gratified, by inspecting this and other novel and beautiful specimens of the Peruquean Art, at the Establishment of the Sole Inventor, F. BROWNE, 47, FENCHURCH STREET.

F. BROWNE'S INFALLIBLE MODE OF MEASURING THE HEAD.

| | | Inches. | Eighths. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Round the Head in manner of a fillet, leaving the Ears loose .. .. .. .. .. .. | As dotted 1 to 1. | | |
| From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep each way as required .. .. .. .. .. | As dotted 2 to 2. | | |
| From one Temple to the other, across the rise or Crown of the Head to where the Hair grows | As marked 3 to 3. | | |

THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF HAIR ONLY £1 10s.

# NEW WORKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

## CHEAP EDITIONS OF MR. DICKENS'S CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

*This day are published, price One Shilling each,*

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL IN PROSE.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

A FAIRY TALE OF HOME.

THE CHIMES.

A GOBLIN STORY OF SOME BELLS THAT RANG AN OLD YEAR OUT AND A NEW ONE IN.

## THE CHEAP EDITION OF THE WORKS OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

*This day is published, in One Volume, with an Engraved Frontispiece,*

DOMBEY AND SON. PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

*Also will be published, at intervals of about two months,*

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND BLEAK HOUSE.

*This day is published, price Sixpence,*

THE ENGLISH HOTEL NUISANCE. BY ALBERT SMITH.

SECOND EDITION.

## NEW SPORTING WORK, ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

*This day is published, price* 14*s., handsomely bound in cloth,*

ASK MAMMA; OR, THE RICHEST COMMONER IN ENGLAND.

By the Author of "Sponge's Tour," "Handley Cross," &c. Illustrated with Thirteen Coloured Engravings, and numerous Woodcuts by JOHN LEECH.

Leech's illustration of "The entry of the two ladies to Mrs. Yammerton's evening party is worth the price of the number twice over. A pair of better faces were hardly noted down by Hogarth."—*Athenæum.*

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

---

ICE, and REFRIGERATORS for preserving Ice and cooling Wine, Fruit, Butter, Cream, Water, Jellies, and Provisions of all kinds, manufactured by the WENHAM LAKE ICE COMPANY, 164 A, Strand, of the best make, at the lowest cash prices. No agents are appointed in London for the sale of their Ice or Refrigerators. Pure spring water Ice, in blocks, delivered to most parts of town daily, and packages of 2s. 6d., 5s., 9s. and upwards, forwarded any distance into the country, by goods train, without perceptible waste. Wine-coolers, Ice-cream Machines, Ice Planes for Sherry Cobblers, Freezers, Moulds, &c. More detailed particulars may be had by post on application to the WENHAM LAKE ICE COMPANY, 164 A, Strand.

MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF ART TREASURES, consisting of 260 specimens of the CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE of the great Masters. On June 1st will be published, in elegant cloth gilt, complete in one volume, price 8s., JOHN CASSELL'S ART TREASURES EXHIBITION. The Work will consist of 520 pages, fine paper, imperial 8vo. The Engravings, upwards of 260 in number, executed in the highest style of art, comprise portraits and specimens, accompanied by biographical sketches and historical notices of the CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE of Wilkie, Landseer, Millais, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable, Turner, Wilson, Hogarth, Lance, Vandyck, Lawrence, Rubens, Sneyders, Rembrandt, Ostade, Potter, Cuyp, Jordaens, Ruysdael, Steen, Teniers, Claude, Valentin, Desportes, David, Durer, Murillo, and many others. KENT & Co.

PHILLIPSON AND CO.'S NEW PERFUME.

## "LA DUCHESSE."

The most refreshing and durable of the day. For the Ball-room, Theatre, and crowded Assembly, it is indispensable. It possesses great *sanatory* qualities, it is highly conducive to the preservation of health; it invigorates the nerves; while in the sick room it is invaluable, reviving the invalid and preventing contagion. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* Obtainable of every Chemist and Vendor of fashionable Perfumery. None genuine that has not on the label (entered at Stationers' Hall), the *signature*

*Phillipson & Co*

1, Budge Row, St. Paul's, London, E.C.

The POMADE, 3*s.* 6*d.*; the SOAP, 1*s.* 6*d.*; the OIL, 3*s.* 6*d.*; the COSMETIQUE, 1*s.* & 2*s.*

**To SHIPPERS** & those **going abroad.** Assortments of Perfumery put up to suit EVERY CLIMATE, are always ready, from £10 to £100, and Catalogues forwarded free on application.

Should there be difficulty in obtaining these preparations of any Chemist or Perfumer, a letter (enclosing a Post Office Order or Postage Stamps), to PHILLIPSON and Co., shall have immediate attention.

*Be sure to ask for* PHILLIPSON & CO.'S *the original and only genuine.*

# THE LONDON SEASON.

The exuberance of the feelings amid scenes of gaiety induces the fair and youthful to shine to advantage under the gaze of many friends, and therefore to devote increased attention to the duties of the Toilet. It is at this gay season that

**ROWLANDS' PERSONAL REQUISITES**

Are more than usually essential for preserving the Hair in its decorative charm, the Skin and Complexion transparent and blooming, and the Teeth in their pearl-like lustre.

The Patronage of Royalty throughout Europe, their general use by Rank and Fashion, and the universally-known efficacy of these articles, give them a celebrity unparalleled.

## ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Is a delightfully fragrant and transparent Preparation for the Hair, and as an Invigorator and Beautifier beyond all precedent. In dressing the Hair nothing can equal its effect, rendering it so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, imparting a transcendant lustre.

## ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,

For the Skin and Complexion, is unequalled for its rare and inestimable qualities. The radiant bloom it imparts to the Cheek, the softness and delicacy which it induces of the hands and arms, its capability of soothing irritation, and removing cutaneous defects, discolorations, and all unsightly appearances, render it indispensable to every Toilet.

## ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

OR PEARL DENTIFRICE,

For preserving and beautifying the Teeth, imparting to them a Pearl-like whiteness, strengthening the Gums, and for rendering the Breath sweet and pure.

Sold by A. Rowland & Sons, 20, Hatton Garden, London, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

**BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS!!**

## RIMMEL'S ROYAL BRIDAL BOUQUET,

Prepared by Command, is the perfume adopted by the élite of the Aristocracy for the august ceremony. Price 2s. 6d. and 5s.

## RIMMEL'S ROYAL BRIDAL SACHET,

A neat satin scent bag, with bridal wreath, is a sweet memento of the interesting event. Price 1s., or sent by post on receipt of 13 stamps.

## RIMMEL'S ROYAL BRIDAL SOUVENIR,

A handsome box, containing two bottles of the Royal Bridal Bouquet, and one Sachet, forms a most elegant and appropriate present for this auspicious occasion. Price 7s. 6d.

Sold by all Perfumers and Chemists.

E. RIMMEL, PERFUMER TO THE QUEEN, 96, STRAND.

## KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

"A SLIGHT COLD,"—if its first symptoms are not arrested, too often lays the foundation of a variety of *Pulmonary Complaints*, including *Winter Cough*, *Asthma*, and other constitutional derangements. The evil consequences of these disorders may be easily averted or subdued by keeping at hand a supply of the above celebrated Lozenges, which have now stood the test of public experience for upwards of half a century. The Testimonials to their efficacy have been voluntarily given by the most eminent of the Faculty, as well as by all classes of private individuals. Containing neither opiates nor any injurious anodyne, they may be safely taken by the youngest child or the most delicate female.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL.

Copy of a letter from the late Colonel Hawker (the well-known Author on "*Guns and Shooting*").

*Longparish House, near Whitchurch, Hants.*

Sir,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect I have experienced by taking only a few of your Lozenges. I had a cough for several weeks that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges, which I find are the only ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

To Mr. Keating, 79, St. Paul's Church-Yard. P. HAWKER.

**N.B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES" are engraven on the Government Stamp of each Box, without which none are genuine.**

# BANK OF DEPOSIT,

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1844,

## 3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON.

PARTIES desirous of INVESTING MONEY are requested to examine the Plan of THE BANK OF DEPOSIT, by which a high rate of Interest may be obtained with perfect security.

The Interest is payable in January and July.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

*Forms for opening Accounts sent free on application.*

---

## IMPORTANT TO EVERY MAN WHO KEEPS A

OLD HORSES RENOVATED AND MADE YOUNG in strength and appearance by the use of

# THORLEY'S FOOD FOR CATTLE,

AS USED IN HER MAJESTY'S STABLES;

Also, on his Royal Highness the Prince Consort's Farm, Windsor. Patronised by Son Excellence Le Ministre d'Agriculture et de Commerce, Paris, and the leading Nobility of the day. It fattens all kinds of Stock quicker than any known diet; (see the Awards at different Agricultural Prize Shows.) Sold in Cases containing 448 packages (each package one Feed), with JOSEPH THORLEY'S signature, price 56s. per case; and in casks containing the same quantity loose, with Measure enclosed and signature burnt thereon, price 50s. Carriage paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom. Sent free on application, a Pamphlet, containing 64 pages of TESTIMONIALS, including Mr. BREBNER, Steward to His Royal Highness the Prince Consort; Mr. JAMES FISHER, Farm Manager to Her Grace the Duchess of Atholl; CAPTAIN THE HONOURABLE HUGH GOUGH; SIR DAVID CUNYNGHAME, Bart.; SIR JOHN CATHCART, Bart.; SIR JOHN RIBTON, Bart.; SIR JOHN HESKETH LETHBRIDGE, Bart.; and some of the leading Agriculturists of the day; together with some hundreds of the most STARTLING FACTS ever recorded. This Food is acknowledged by thousands to be the greatest discovery of the age, and the effects produced by its use are truly astonishing. Offices, 77, Newgate Street, London. Steam Mills and Manufactory, Caledonian Road, within five minutes' walk of King's Cross Station. Post Office Orders must be made payable to JOSEPH THORLEY (the inventor and sole proprietor), General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

N.B.—Agents are now being appointed throughout the World.

For Germany, apply to THOMAS CARR, Esq., Merchant, Rostock.

Mr. GEORGE FULLER, Hamilton, Sole Agent for Upper and Lower Canada.

Monsieur DUPONT LEVASSEUR, Havre, for Havre and district.

Mr. FREDERICK HERBERT, 23, New Street, St. Helier's, Sole Agent for Jersey and Guernsey,

*** For Export, the 56s. Cases are *only* shipped. Beware of spurious imitations.

---

## TRELOAR'S
## COCOA NUT FIBRE MATTING

## IS THE BEST.

**PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED—LONDON, NEW YORK, AND PARIS.**

Catalogues, containing Prices, and every particular, post free.

WAREHOUSE, 49, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

---

PIESSE & LUBIN
PERFUMERY FACTORS.

GLYCERINE
JELLY, *(2s. Jars.)*
*Exquisite for the Hands and Skin.*
*Renders them soft, white, and healthy.*

2, New Bond Str.
LONDON.

---

## BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS.

Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

THIS preparation is one of the benefits which the science of modern chemistry has conferred upon mankind; for during the first twenty years of the present century to speak of a cure for the Gout was considered a romance; but now the efficacy and safety of this medicine is so fully demonstrated by unsolicited testimonials from persons in every rank of life, that public opinion proclaims this as one of the most important discoveries of the present age.

These Pills require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors. See the name of "THOMAS PROUT, 229, Strand, London," on the Government Stamp.

# EDMISTON'S POCKET SIPHONIA,

## OR WATERPROOF OVERCOAT.

WEIGHT 10 oz.

Sole Manufacturers of the celebrated Pocket Siphonia, remarkable for its lightness and softness of texture, easily folded to carry in the Pocket or on Saddle; the most *important* feature in this *Waterproofing* consists in its being mineralised, which effectually resists the powerful heat of the sun and the most violent rains, also obviating the stickiness and unpleasant smell peculiar to all other Waterproofs.—Price, according to size, 40s. to 50s.; all silk throughout, 50s. Measurement, length of coat, and size round the chest.

Stout Siphonias, 35s. Leggings, 10s. 6d. Shooting Boots, Fishing-Stockings, Portable folding Baths, Air Beds, Water Beds for Invalids, Pillows, &c. Portable India-rubber Boats, designed expressly for the Indian rivers, to carry one or more persons, weighing from 10 to 40 lbs. Price £6 6s., £10 10s., and £18 18s., folding in a compass of 3 feet.

NOTICE.—NAME & ADDRESS STAMPED INSIDE. NONE OTHERS ARE GENUINE.

**EDMISTON & SON, 69, STRAND,**

OPPOSITE THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

# PARASOLS.

The greatest novelty in Parasols is the

## "TARTAN,"

Price 20s., to be had only of the Patentees

## W. & J. SANGSTER,

Manufacturers to Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Princess Royal.

Parasols made of Irish Lace and patterns of the most magnificent description in Lyons Silks.

## W. AND J. SANGSTER,

140, REGENT STREET; 75, CHEAPSIDE;
94, FLEET STREET; 10, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

N.B.—Double Boxes, containing a Parasol for general use, as also one for Fetes, at 21s. and upwards the box.

PREACHING & PRACTICE.

*A Lay Sermon.*

## CHAPTER XXIX.

IN WHICH HARRY CONTINUES TO ENJOY OTIUM SINE DIGNITATE.

WHILST there were card-players enough to meet her at her lodgings and the assembly-rooms, Madame de Bernstein remained pretty contentedly at the Wells, scolding her niece, and playing her rubber. At Harry's age almost all places are pleasant, where you can have lively company, fresh air, and your share of sport and diversion. Even all pleasure is pleasant at twenty. We go out to meet it with alacrity, speculate upon its coming, and when its visit is announced, count the days until it and we shall come together. How very gently and coolly we regard it towards the close of Life's long season! Madam, don't you recollect your first ball; and does not your memory stray towards that happy past, sometimes, as you sit ornamenting the wall whilst your daughters are dancing? I, for my part, can remember when I thought it was delightful to walk three miles and back in the country to dine with old Captain Jones. Fancy liking to walk three miles, now, to dine with Jones and drink his half-pay port! No doubt it was bought from the little country-town wine merchant, and cost but a small sum; but 'twas offered with a kindly welcome, and youth gave it a flavour which no age of wine or man can impart to it now-a-days. *Viximus nuper.* I am not disposed to look so severely upon young Harry's conduct and idleness, as his friend the stern Colonel of the Twentieth Regiment. O

blessed idleness! Divine lazy nymph! Reach me a novel as I lie in my dressing-gown at three o'clock in the afternoon; compound a sherry-cobler for me, and bring me a cigar! Dear slatternly — smiling Enchantress! They may assail thee with bad names—swear thy character away, and call thee the Mother of Evil; but, for all that, thou art the best company in the world!

My Lord of March went away to the North; and my Lord Chesterfield, finding the Tunbridge waters did no good to his deafness, returned to his solitude at Blackheath; but other gentlemen remained to sport and take their pleasure, and Mr. Warrington had quite enough of companions at his ordinary at the White Horse. He soon learned to order a French dinner as well as the best man of fashion out of St. James's; could talk to Monsieur Barbeau, in Monsieur B.'s native language, much more fluently than most other folks,—discovered a very elegant and decided taste in wines, and could distinguish between Clos Vougeot and Romanée with remarkable skill. He was the young King of the Wells, of which the general frequenters were easy-going men of the world, who were, by no means, shocked at that reputation for gallantry and extravagance which Harry had got, and which had so frightened Mr. Wolfe.

Though our Virginian lived amongst the revellers, and swam and sported in the same waters with the loose fish, the boy had a natural shrewdness and honesty which kept him clear of the snares and baits which are commonly set for the unwary. He made very few foolish bets with the jolly idle fellows round about him, and the oldest hands found it difficult to take him in. He engaged in games out-doors and in, because he had a natural skill and aptitude for them, and was good to hold almost any match with any fair competitor. He was scrupulous to play only with those gentlemen whom he knew, and always to settle his own debts on the spot. He would have made but a very poor figure at a college examination; though he possessed prudence and fidelity, keen, shrewd perception, great generosity, and dauntless personal courage.

And he was not without occasions for showing of what stuff he was made. For instance, when that unhappy little Cattarina, who had brought him into so much trouble, carried her importunities beyond the mark at which Harry thought his generosity should stop; he withdrew from the advances of the Opera-House Syren with perfect coolness and skill, leaving her to exercise her blandishments upon some more easy victim. In vain the mermaid's hysterical mother waited upon Harry, and vowed that a cruel bailiff had seized all her daughter's goods for debt, and that her venerable father was at present languishing in a London gaol. Harry declared that between himself and the bailiff there could be no dealings, and that because he had had the good fortune to become known to Mademoiselle Cattarina, and to gratify her caprices by presenting her with various trinkets and knickknacks for which she had a fancy, he was not bound to pay the past debts of

her family, and must decline being bail for her papa in London, or settling her outstanding accounts at Tunbridge. The Cattarina's mother first called him a monster and an ingrate, and then asked him, with a veteran smirk, why he did not take pay for the services he had rendered to the young person? At first, Mr. Warrington could not understand what the nature of the payment might be: but when that matter was explained by the old woman, the honest lad rose up in horror, to think that a woman should traffic in her child's dishonour, told her that he came from a country where the very savages would recoil from such a bargain; and, having bowed the old lady ceremoniously to the door, ordered Gumbo to mark her well, and never admit her to his lodgings again. No doubt she retired breathing vengeance against the Iroquois: no Turk or Persian, she declared, would treat a lady so: and she and her daughter retreated to London as soon as their anxious landlord would let them. Then Harry had his perils of gaming, as well as his perils of gallantry. A man who plays at bowls, as the phrase is, must expect to meet with rubbers. After dinner at the ordinary, having declined to play picquet any further with Captain Batts, and being roughly asked his reason for refusing, Harry fairly told the Captain that he only played with gentlemen who paid, like himself: but expressed himself so ready to satisfy Mr. Batts, as soon as their outstanding little account was settled that the Captain declared himself satisfied *d'avance*, and straightway left the Wells without paying Harry or any other creditor. Also he had an occasion to show his spirit by beating a chairman who was rude to old Miss Whiffler one evening as she was going to the assembly: and finding that the calumny regarding himself and that unlucky opera-dancer was repeated by Mr. Hector Buckler, one of the fiercest frequenters of the Wells, Mr. Warrington stepped up to Mr. Buckler in the pump-room, where the latter was regaling a number of water-drinkers with the very calumny, and publicly informed Mr. Buckler that the story was a falsehood, and that he should hold any person accountable to himself who henceforth uttered it. So that though our friend, being at Rome, certainly did as Rome did, yet he showed himself to be a valorous and worthy Roman; and, *hurlant avec les loups*, was acknowledged by Mr. Wolfe himself to be as brave as the best of the wolves.

If that officer had told Colonel Lambert the stories which had given the latter so much pain, we may be sure that when Mr. Wolfe found his young friend was innocent, he took the first opportunity to withdraw the odious charges against him. And there was joy among the Lamberts, in consequence of the lad's acquittal—something, doubtless, of that pleasure, which is felt by higher natures than ours, at the recovery of sinners. Never had the little family been so happy—no, not even when they got the news of Brother Tom winning his scholarship, as when Colonel Wolfe rode over with the account of the conversation which he had with Harry Warrington. "Hadst thou brought me a

regiment, James, I think I should not have been better pleased," said Mr. Lambert. Mrs. Lambert called to her daughters who were in the garden, and kissed them both when they came in, and cried out the good news to them. Hetty jumped for joy, and Theo performed some uncommonly brilliant operations upon the harpsichord that night; and when Dr. Boyle came in for his backgammon, he could not, at first, account for the illumination in all their faces, until the three ladies, in a happy chorus, told him how right he had been in his sermon, and how dreadfully they had wronged that poor dear, good young Mr. Warrington.

"What shall we do, my dear?" says the Colonel to his wife. "The hay is in, the corn won't be cut for a fortnight,—the horses have nothing to do. Suppose we . . . " And here he leans over the table and whispers in her ear.

"My dearest Martin! The very thing!" cries Mrs. Lambert, taking her husband's hand and pressing it.

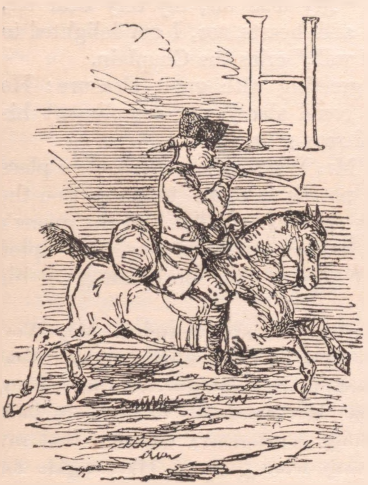
"What's the very thing, mother?" cries young Charley, who is home for his Bartlemy-tide holidays.

"The very thing is to go to supper. Come, Doctor! We will have a bottle of wine to-night, and drink repentance to all who think evil."

"Amen," says the Doctor; "with all my heart!" And with this the worthy family went to their supper.

## CHAPTER XXX.

CONTAINS A LETTER TO VIRGINIA.



HAVING repaired one day to his accustomed dinner at the White Horse Ordinary, Mr. Warrington was pleased to see amongst the faces round the table the jolly good-looking countenance of Parson Sampson, who was regaling the company when Harry entered, with stories and *bons mots*, which kept them in roars of laughter. Though he had not been in London for some months, the Parson had the latest London news, or what passed for such with the folks at the Ordinary: what was doing in the King's house at Kensington; and what in the Duke's in Pall Mall: how Mr. Byng was behaving in prison, and who came to him: what were the odds at New Market, and who was the last reigning toast in Covent Garden;—the jolly Chaplain could give the company news upon all these points,—news that might not be very accurate indeed, but was as good as if it were for the country gentlemen who heard it. For suppose that my Lord Viscount Squanderfield was ruining himself for Mrs. Polly, and Sampson called her Mrs. Lucy? that it was Lady Jane who was in love with the actor, and not Lady Mary? that it was Harry Hilton, of the Horse Grenadiers, who had the quarrel with Chevalier Solingen, at Marybone Garden, and not Tommy Ruffler, of the Foot Guards? The names and dates did not matter much. Provided the stories were lively and wicked, their correctness was of no great importance; and Mr. Sampson laughed and chattered away amongst his country gentlemen, charmed them with his spirits and talk, and drank his share of one bottle after another, for which his delighted auditory persisted in calling. A hundred years ago, the *Abbé* Parson,

the clergyman who frequented the theatre, the tavern, the race-course, the world of fashion, was no uncommon character in English society: his voice might be heard the loudest in the hunting-field: he could sing the jolliest song at the Rose or the Bedford Head, after the play was over at Covent Garden, and could call a main as well as any at the gaming table.

It may have been modesty, or it may have been claret, which caused his reverence's rosy face to redden deeper, but when he saw Mr. Warrington enter, he whispered *maxima debetur* to the laughing country squire who sat next him in his drab coat and gold-laced red waistcoat, and rose up from his chair and ran, nay, stumbled forward, in his haste to greet the Virginian: "My dear sir, my very dear sir, my conqueror of spades, and clubs, and hearts, too, I am delighted to see your honour looking so fresh and well," cries the Chaplain.

Harry returned the clergyman's greeting with great pleasure: He was glad to see Mr. Sampson; he could also justly compliment his reverence upon his cheerful looks and rosy gills.

The Squire in the drab coat knew Mr. Warrington; he made a place beside himself; he called out to the parson to return to his seat on the other side, and to continue his story about Lord Ogle and the grocer's wife in——where he did not say, for his sentence was interrupted by a shout, and an oath addressed to the parson for treading on his gouty toe.

The Chaplain asked pardon, hurriedly turned round to Mr. Warrington, and informed him, and the rest of the company indeed, that my Lord Castlewood sent his affectionate remembrances to his cousin, and had given special orders to him (Mr. Sampson) to come to Tunbridge Wells and look after the young gentleman's morals; that my Lady Viscountess and my Lady Fanny were gone to Harrowgate for the waters; that Mr. Will had won his money at New Market, and was going on a visit to my Lord Duke; that Molly, the housemaid, was crying her eyes out about Gumbo, Mr. Warrington's valet;—in fine, all the news of Castlewood and its neighbourhood. Mr. Warrington was beloved by all the country round, Mr. Sampson told the company, managing to introduce the names of some persons of the very highest rank into his discourse. "All Hampshire had heard of his successes at Tunbridge, successes of every kind," says Mr. Sampson, looking particularly arch; my lord hoped, their ladyships hoped, Harry would not be spoilt for his quiet Hampshire home.

The guests dropped off one by one, leaving the young Virginian to his bottle of wine and the Chaplain.

"Though I have had plenty," says the jolly Chaplain, "that is no reason why I should not have plenty more," and he drank toast after toast, and bumper after bumper, to the amusement of Harry, who always enjoyed his society.

By the time when Sampson had had his "plenty more," Harry, too, was become specially generous, warm-hearted, and friendly. A

lodging?—why should Mr. Sampson go to the expense of an inn, when there was a room at Harry's quarters? The Chaplain's trunk was ordered thither, Gumbo was bidden to make Mr. Sampson comfortable—most comfortable; nothing would satisfy Mr. Warrington but that Sampson should go down to his stables and see his horses; he had several horses now; and when at the stable Sampson recognised his own horse, which Harry had won from him; and the fond beast whinnied with pleasure, and rubbed his nose against his old master's coat; Harry rapped out a brisk energetic expression or two, and vowed by Jupiter that Sampson should have his old horse back again: He would give him to Sampson, that he would; a gift which the Chaplain accepted by seizing Harry's hand, and blessing him,—by flinging his arms round the horse's neck, and weeping for joy there, weeping tears of Bordeaux and gratitude. Arm-in-arm the friends walked to Madame Bernstein's, from the stable of which they brought the odours into her ladyship's apartment. Their flushed cheeks and brightened eyes showed what their amusement had been. Many gentlemen's cheeks were in the habit of flushing in those days, and from the same cause.

Madame Bernstein received her nephew's chaplain kindly enough. The old lady relished Sampson's broad jokes and rattling talk from time to time, as she liked a highly-spiced dish or a new entrée composed by her cook, upon its two or three first appearances. The only amusement of which she did not grow tired, she owned was cards. "The cards don't cheat," she used to say. "A bad hand tells you the truth to your face: and there is nothing so flattering in the world as a good suite of trumps." And when she was in a good humour, and sitting down to her favourite pastime, she would laughingly bid her nephew's chaplain say grace before the meal. Honest Sampson did not at first care to take a hand at Tunbridge Wells. Her ladyship's play was too high for him, he would own, slapping his pocket with a comical piteous look, and its contents had already been handed over to the fortunate youth at Castlewood. Like most persons of her age and indeed her sex, Madame Bernstein was not prodigal of money. I suppose it must have been from Harry Warrington, whose heart was overflowing with generosity as his purse with guineas, that the Chaplain procured a small stock of ready coin, with which he was presently enabled to appear at the card table.

Our young gentleman welcomed Mr. Sampson to his coin, as to all the rest of the good things which he had gathered about him. 'Twas surprising how quickly the young Virginian adapted himself to the habits of life of the folks amongst whom he lived. His suits were still black, but of the finest cut and quality. "With a star and ribbon, and his stocking down, and his hair over his shoulder, he would make a pretty Hamlet," said the gay old Duchess Queensberry, "And I make no doubt he has been the death of a dozen Ophelias already, here and amongst the Indians," she added, thinking not at all the worse of Harry for his supposed successes among the fair.

Harry's lace and linen were as fine as his aunt could desire. He purchased fine shaving-plate of the toyshop women, and a couple of magnificent brocade bed-gowns, in which his worship lolled at ease, and sipped his chocolate of a morning. He had swords and walking-canes, and French watches with painted backs and diamond settings, and snuff-boxes enamelled by artists of the same cunning nation. He had a levée of grooms, jockeys, tradesmen, daily waiting in his ante-room, and admitted one by one to him and Parson Sampson, over his chocolate, by Gumbo the groom of the chambers. We have no account of the number of men whom Mr. Gumbo now had under him. Certain it is that no single negro could have taken care of all the fine things which Mr. Warrington now possessed, let alone the horses and the post-chaise which his honour had bought. Also Harry instructed himself in the arts which became a gentleman in those days. A French fencing-master, and a dancing-master of the same nation, resided at Tunbridge during that season when Harry made his appearance: these men of science the young Virginian sedulously frequented, and acquired considerable skill and grace in the peaceful and warlike accomplishments which they taught. Ere many weeks were over he could handle the foils against his master or any frequenter of the fencing school,—and, with a sigh, Lady Maria (who danced very elegantly herself) owned that there was no gentleman at Court who could walk a minuet more gracefully than Mr. Warrington. As for riding, though Mr. Warrington took a few lessons on the great horse from a riding-master who came to Tunbridge, he declared that their own Virginian manner was well enough for him, and that he saw no one amongst the fine folks and the jockeys who could ride better than his friend Colonel George Washington of Mount Vernon.

The obsequious Sampson found himself in better quarters than he had enjoyed for ever so long a time. He knew a great deal of the world, and told a great deal more, and Harry was delighted with his stories, real or fancied. The man of twenty looks up to the man of thirty, admires the latter's old jokes, stale puns, and tarnished anecdotes that are slopped with the wine of a hundred dinner-tables. Sampson's town and college pleasantries were all new and charming to the young Virginian. A hundred years ago,—no doubt there are no such people left in the world now,—there used to be grown men in London who loved to consort with fashionable youths entering life; to tickle their young fancies with merry stories; to act as Covent-Garden Mentors and masters of ceremonies at the Round-house; to accompany lads to the gaming-table, and perhaps have an understanding with the punters; to drink lemonade to Master Hopeful's Burgundy, and to stagger into the streets with perfectly cool heads when my young lord reeled out to beat the watch. Of this, no doubt extinct race, Mr. Sampson was a specimen: and a great comfort it is to think (to those who choose to believe the statement) that in Queen Victoria's reign there are no flatterers left, such as existed in the reign of her royal great-grand-

father, no parasites pandering to the follies of young men; in fact, that all the toads have been eaten off the face of the island (except one or two that are found in stones, where they have lain *perdus* these hundred years), and the toadeaters have perished for lack of nourishment.

With some sauces, as I read, the above-mentioned animals are said to be exceedingly fragrant, wholesome, and savoury eating. Indeed, no man could look more rosy and healthy, or flourish more cheerfully, than friend Sampson upon the diet. He became our young friend's confidential leader, and, from the following letter, which is preserved in the Warrington correspondence, it will be seen that Mr. Harry not only had dancing and fencing-masters, but likewise a tutor, chaplain, and secretary.

TO MRS. ESMOND WARRINGTON, OF CASTLEWOOD,
AT HER HOUSE AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Mrs. Bligh's lodgings, Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells,
*August 25th*, 1756.

HONOURED MADAM,

Your honoured letter of 20 June, per Mr. Trail of Bristol, has been forwarded to me duly, and I have to thank your goodness and kindness for the good advice which you are pleased to give me, as also for the remembrances *of dear home*, which I shall love never the worse for having been to the *home of our ancestors in England*.

I writ you a letter by the last monthly packet, informing my honoured mother of the little accident I had on the road hither, and of the kind friends who I found and whom took me in. Since then I have been profiting of the fine weather and the good company here, and have made many friends among our nobility, whose acquaintance I am sure you will not be sorry that I should make. Among their lordships I may mention the famous Earl of Chesterfield, late Ambassador to Holland, and Viceroy of the Kingdom of Ireland; the Earl of March and Ruglen, who will be Duke of Queensberry at the death of his Grace; and her Grace the Duchess, a celebrated beauty of the Queen's time, when she remembers my grandpapa at Court. These and many more persons of the first fashion attend my aunt's assemblies, which are the most crowded at this crowded place. Also on my way hither I stayed at Westerham, at the house of an officer, Lieut.-Gen. Wolfe, who served with my Grandfather and General Webb in the famous wars of the Duke of Marlborough. Mr. Wolfe has a son, Lieut.-Col. James Wolfe, engaged to be married to a beautiful lady now in this place, Miss Lowther of the North—and though but 30 years old he is looked up to as much as any officer in the whole army, and hath served with honour under His Royal Highness the Duke wherever our arms have been employed.

I thank my honoured mother for announcing to me that a quarter's allowance of £52·10 will be paid me by Mr. Trail. I am in no

present want of cash, and by practising a rigid economy, which will be necessary (as I do not disguise) for the maintenance of horses, Gumbo, and the equipage and apparel requisite *for a young gentleman of good family*, hope to be able to maintain my credit without unduly trespassing upon yours. The linnen and clothes which I brought with me will with due care last for some years—as you say. 'Tis not quite so fine as worn here by persons of fashion, and I may have to purchase a few *very* fine shirts for *great days:* but those I have are excellent for daily wear.

I am thankful that I have been quite without occasion to use your excellent family pills. Gumbo hath taken them with great benefit, who grows fat and saucy upon English beef, ale, and air. He sends his humble duty to his mistress, and prays Mrs. Mountain to remember him to all his fellow-servants, especially Dinah and Lily, for whom he has bought posey-rings at Tunbridge Fair.

Besides partaking of all the pleasures of the place, I hope my honoured mother will believe that I have not been unmindful *of my education*. I have had masters in fencing and dancing, and my Lord Castlewood's chaplain, the Reverend Mr. Sampson, having come hither to drink the waters, has been so good as to take a vacant room at my lodging. Mr. S. breakfasts with me, and we read together of a morning —he saying that I am not *quite such a dunce* as I used to appear at home. We have read in Mr. Rapin's History, Dr. Barrow's Sermons, and for amusement, Shakspeare, Mr. Pope's Homer, and (in French) the translation of an Arabian Work of Tales, very diverting. Several men *of learning* have been staying here besides the persons of fashion, and amongst the former was Mr. Richardson, the author of the famous books which you and Mountain and my dearest brother used to love so. He was pleased when I told him that his works were in your closet in Virginia, and begged me to convey his respectful compliments to my lady mother. Mr. R. is a short fat man, with little of the *fire of genius* visible in his eye or person.

My aunt and my cousin, the Lady Maria, desire their affectionate compliments to you, and with best regards for Mountain, to whom I enclose a note, I am,

Honoured Madam,

Your dutiful Son,

H. Esmond Warrington.

*Note in Madam Esmond's handwriting.*

From my son. Received October 15 at Richmond. Sent 16 jars preserved peaches, 224 lbs. best tobacco, 24 finest hams, per Royal William of Liverpool, 8 jars peaches, 12 hams for my nephew, the Rt. Honourable the Earl of Castlewood. 4 jars, 6 hams for the Baroness Bernstein, ditto ditto for Mrs. Lambert of Oakhurst, Surrey, and ½ cwt. tobacco. Packet of Infallible Family Pills for Gumbo. My Papa's large silver-gilt shoe-buckles for H, and red silver-laced saddle cloth.

II. (enclosed in No. I.)

For Mrs. Mountain.

What do you *mien*, you silly old Mountain, by sending an order for your poor old divadends dew at Xmas? I'd have you to know I don't want your 7.10£, and have *toar your order up* into 1000 *bitts*. I've plenty of money. But I'm *ableaged* to you all same. A kiss to Fanny from Your loving

HARRY.

*Note in Madam Esmond's handwriting.* This note which I desired M. to show to me, proves that she *hath a good heart*, and that she wished to show her gratitude to the family, by giving up her half-yearly divd. (on 500£ 3 per ct.) to my boy. Hence I reprimanded her *very slightly* for daring to send money to Mr. E. Warrington, unknown to his mother. Note to Mountain not so well spelt as letter to me.

Mem. to write to Revd. Mr. Sampson desire to know what *theolog.* books he reads with H. Recommend Law, Baxter, Drelincourt.—Request H. to say his catechism to Mr. S., which he has never quite been able to master. By next ship peaches (3), tobacco ½ cwt. Hams for Mr. S.

The mother of the Virginians and her sons have long long since passed away. So how are we to account for the fact, that of a couple of letters sent under one enclosure and by one packet, one should be well spelt, and the other not entirely orthographical? Had Harry found some wonderful instructor such as exists in the present lucky times, and who would improve his writing in six lessons? My view of the case, after deliberately examining the two notes, is this. No. 1, in which there appears a trifling grammatical slip ("the kind friends *who* I found and *whom* took me in,") must have been re-written from a rough copy which had probably undergone the supervision of a tutor or friend. The more artless composition, No. 2, was not referred to the scholar who prepared No. 1 for the maternal eye, and to whose corrections of "who" and "whom" Mr. Warrington did not pay very close attention. Who knows how he may have been disturbed? A pretty milliner may have attracted Harry's attention out of window—a dancing bear with pipe and tabor may have passed along the common—a jockey come under his windows to show off a horse there? There are some days when any of us may be ungrammatical and spell ill. Finally, suppose Harry did not care to spell so elegantly for Mrs. Mountain as for his lady-mother, what affair is that of the present biographer, century, reader? And as for your objection that Mr. Warrington, in the above communication to his mother, showed some little hypocrisy and reticence in his dealings with that venerable person, I daresay, young folks, you in your time have written more than one prim letter to your papas and mammas in which not quite all the transactions of your lives were narrated, or if narrated, were exhibited in the most favourable

light for yourselves—I daresay, old folks! you, in your time, were not altogether more candid. There must be a certain distance between me and my son Jacky. There must be a respectful, an amiable, a virtuous hypocrisy between us. I do not in the least wish that he should treat me as his equal, that he should contradict me, take my arm-chair, read the newspaper first at breakfast, ask unlimited friends to dine when I have a party of my own, and so forth. No; where there is not equality there must be hypocrisy. Continue to be blind to my faults; to hush still as mice when I fall asleep after dinner; to laugh at my old jokes; to admire my sayings; to be astonished at the impudence of those unbelieving reviewers; to be dear filial humbugs, O my children! In my castle I am king. Let all my royal household back before me. 'Tis not their natural way of walking, I know: but a decorous, becoming, and modest behaviour highly agreeable to me. Away from me they may do, nay, they *do* do, what they like. They may jump, skip, dance, trot, tumble over head and heels, and kick about freely, when they are out of the presence of my majesty. Do not then, my dear young friends, be surprised at your mother and aunt when they cry out, "O, it was highly immoral and improper of Mr. Warrington to be writing home humdrum demure letters to his dear mamma, when he was playing all sorts of merry pranks!"—but drop a curtsey, and say, "Yes, dear grandmamma (or aunt as may be), it was very wrong of him: and I suppose you never had your fun when *you* were young." Of course, she didn't! And the sun never shone, and the blossoms never budded, and the blood never danced, and the fiddles never sang, in her spring time. *Eh Babet! mon lait de poule et mon bonnet de nuit!* Ho, Betty! my gruel and my slippers! And go ye frisky, merry, little souls! and dance, and have your merry little supper of cakes and ale!

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE BEAR AND THE LEADER.

OUR candid readers know the real state of the case regarding Harry Warrington and that luckless Cattarina; but a number of the old ladies at Tunbridge Wells supposed the Virginian to be as dissipated as any young English nobleman of the highest quality, and Madame de Bernstein was especially incredulous about her nephew's innocence. It was the old lady's firm belief that Harry was leading not only a merry life but a wicked one, and her wish was father to the thought that the lad might be no better than his neighbours. An old Roman herself, she liked her nephew to do as Rome did. All the scandal regarding Mr. Warrington's Lovelace adventures she eagerly and complacently accepted. We have seen how, on one or two occasions, he gave tea and music to the company at the Wells; and he was so gallant and amiable to the ladies (to ladies of a much better figure and character than the unfortunate Cattarina), that Madame Bernstein ceased to be disquieted regarding the silly love affair which had had a commencement at Castlewood, and relaxed in her vigilance over Lady Maria. Some folks—many old folks—are too selfish to interest themselves long about the affairs of their neighbours. The Baroness had her trumps to think of, her dinners, her twinges of

rheumatism: and her suspicions regarding Maria and Harry, lately so lively, now dosed, and kept a careless unobservant watch. She may have thought that the danger was over, or she may have ceased to care whether it existed or not, or that artful Maria, by her conduct, may have quite cajoled, soothed, and misguided the old Dragon, to whose charge she was given over. At Maria's age, nay, earlier indeed, maidens have learnt to be very sly, and at Madame Bernstein's time of life, dragons are not so fierce and alert. They cannot turn so readily, some of their old teeth have dropped out, and their eyes require more sleep than they needed in days when they were more active, venomous, and dangerous. I, for my part, know a few female dragons, *de par le monde*, and, as I watch them and remember what they were, admire the softening influence of years upon these whilome destroyers of man- and womankind. Their scales are so soft, that any knight with a moderate power of thrust can strike them: their claws, once strong enough to tear out a thousand eyes, only fall with a feeble pat that scarce raises the skin: their tongues, from their toothless old gums, dart a venom which is rather disagreeable than deadly. See them trailing their languid tails, and crawling home to their caverns at roosting time! How weak are their powers of doing injury! their maleficence how feeble! How changed are they since the brisk days when their eyes shot wicked fire; their tongue spat poison; their breath blasted reputation; and they gobbled up a daily victim at least!

If the good folks at Oakhurst could not resist the testimony which was brought to them regarding Harry's ill-doings, why should Madam Bernstein, who in the course of her long days had had more experience of evil than all the Oakhurst family put together, be less credulous than they? Of course every single old woman of her ladyship's society believed every story that was told about Mr. Harry Warrington's dissipated habits, and was ready to believe as much more ill of him as you please. When the little dancer went back to London, as she did, it was because that heartless Harry deserted her. He deserted her for somebody else, whose name was confidently given,—whose name?—whose half-dozen names the society at Tunbridge Wells would whisper about; where there congregated people of all ranks and degrees, women of fashion, women of reputation, of demi-reputation, of virtue, of no virtue,—all mingling in the same rooms, dancing to the same fiddles, drinking out of the same glasses at the Wells, and alike in search of health, or society, or pleasure. A century ago, and our ancestors, the most free or the most straightlaced, met together at a score of such merry places as that where our present scene lies, and danced, and frisked, and gamed, and drank at Epsom, Bath, Tunbridge, Harrogate, as they do at Hombourg and Baden now.

Harry's bad reputation then comforted his old Aunt exceedingly, and eased her mind in respect to the boy's passion for Lady Maria. So easy was she in her mind, that when the Chaplain said he came to escort her ladyship home, Madame Bernstein did not even care to part

from her niece. She preferred rather to keep her under her eye, to talk to her about her wicked young cousin's wild extravagances, to whisper to her that boys would be boys, to confide to Maria her intention of getting a proper wife for Harry,—some one of a suitable age,—some one with a suitable fortune,—all which pleasantries poor Maria had to bear with as much fortitude as she could muster.

There lived, during the last century, a certain French duke and marquis, who distinguished himself in Europe, and America likewise, and has obliged posterity by leaving behind him a choice volume of memoirs, which the gentle reader is specially warned not to consult. Having performed the part of Don Juan in his own country, in ours, and in other parts of Europe, he has kindly noted down the names of many court-beauties who fell victims to his powers of fascination; and very pleasant reading no doubt it must be for the grandsons and descendants of the fashionable persons amongst whom our brilliant nobleman moved, to find the names of their ancestresses adorning M. le Duc's sprightly pages, and their frailties recorded by the candid writer who caused them.

In the course of the peregrinations of this nobleman, he visited North America, and, as had been his custom in Europe, proceeded straightway to fall in love. And curious it is to contrast the elegant refinements of European society, where, according to Monseigneur, he had but to lay siege to a woman in order to vanquish her, with the simple lives and habits of the colonial folks, amongst whom this European enslaver of hearts did not, it appears, make a single conquest. Had he done so, he would as certainly have narrated his victories in Pennsylvania and New England, as he described his successes in this and his own country. Travellers in America have cried out quite loudly enough against the rudeness and barbarism of transatlantic manners; let the present writer give the humble testimony of his experience that the conversation of American gentlemen is generally modest, and, to the best of his belief, the lives of the women pure.

We have said that Mr. Harry Warrington brought his colonial modesty along with him to the old country; and though he could not help hearing the free talk of the persons amongst whom he lived, and who were men of pleasure and the world, he sat pretty silent himself in the midst of their rattle; never indulged in *double entendre* in his conversation with women; had no victories over the sex to boast of; and was shy and awkward when he heard such narrated by others.

This youthful modesty Mr. Sampson had remarked during his intercourse with the lad at Castlewood, where Mr. Warrington had more than once shown himself quite uneasy whilst cousin Will was telling some of his choice stories; and my lord had curtly rebuked his brother, bidding him keep his jokes for the usher's table at Kensington, and not give needless offence to their kinsman. Hence the exclamation of "Reverentia pueris," which the Chaplain had addressed to his neighbour at the ordinary on Harry's first appearance there.

Mr. Sampson, if he had not strength sufficient to do right himself, at least had grace enough not to offend innocent young gentlemen by his cynicism.

The Chaplain was touched by Harry's gift of the horse; and felt a genuine friendliness towards the lad. "You see, sir," says he, "I am of the world, and must do as the rest of the world does. I have led a rough life, Mr. Warrington, and can't afford to be more particular than my neighbours. Video meliora, deteriora sequor, as we said at college. I have got a little sister, who is at boarding-school, not very far from here, and, as I keep a decent tongue in my head when I am talking with my little Patty, and expect others to do as much, sure I may try and do as much by you."

The Chaplain was loud in his praises of Harry to his aunt, the old Baroness. She liked to hear him praised. She was as fond of him as she could be of anything; was pleased in his company, with his good looks, his manly courageous bearing, his blushes, which came so readily, his bright eyes, his deep youthful voice. His shrewdness and simplicity constantly amused her; she would have wearied of him long before, had he been clever, or learned, or witty, or other than he was. "We must find a good wife for him, chaplain," she said to Mr. Sampson. "I have one or two in my eye, who, I think, will suit him. We must set him up here; he never will bear going back to his savages again, or to live with his little methodist of a mother."

Now about this point Mr. Sampson, too, was personally anxious, and had also a wife in his eye for Harry. I suppose he must have had some conversations with his lord at Castlewood, whom we have heard expressing some intention of complimenting his Chaplain with a good living or other provision, in event of his being able to carry out his lordship's wishes regarding a marriage for Lady Maria. If his good offices could help that anxious lady to a husband, Sampson was ready to employ them; and he now waited to see in what most effectual manner he could bring his influence to bear.

Sampson's society was most agreeable, and he and his young friend were intimate in the course of a few hours. The parson rejoiced in high spirits, good appetite, good humour; pretended to no sort of squeamishness, and indulged in no sanctified hypocritical conversation; nevertheless, he took care not to shock his young friend by any needless outbreaks of levity or immorality of talk, initiating his pupil, perhaps from policy, perhaps from compunction, only into the minor mysteries, as it were; and not telling him the secrets with which the unlucky adept himself was only too familiar. With Harry, Sampson was only a brisk, lively, jolly companion, ready for any drinking bout, or any sport, a cock-fight, a shooting match, a game at cards, or a gallop across the common; but his conversation was decent, and he tried much more to amuse the young man, than to lead him astray. The Chaplain was quite successful: he had immense animal spirits as well as natural wit, and aptitude as well as experience in that business

of toad-eater which had been his calling and livelihood from his very earliest years,—ever since he first entered college as a servitor, and cast about to see by whose means he could make his fortune in life. That was but satire just now, when we said there were no toad-eaters left in the world. There are many men of Sampson's profession now, doubtless; nay, little boys at our public schools are sent thither at the earliest age, instructed by their parents, and put out apprentices to toad-eating. But the flattery is not so manifest as it used to be a hundred years since. Young men and old have hangers on, and led captains, but they assume an appearance of equality, borrow money, or swallow their toads in private, and walk abroad arm in arm with the great man, and call him by his name without his title. In those good old times, when Harry Warrington first came to Europe, a gentleman's toad-eater pretended to no airs of equality at all; openly paid court to his patron, called him by that name to other folks, went on his errands for him,—any sort of errands which the patron might devise,—called him Sir in speaking to him, stood up in his presence until bidden to sit down, and flattered him *ex officio*. Mr. Sampson did not take the least shame in speaking of Harry as his young patron,—as a young Virginian nobleman recommended to him by his other noble patron, the Earl of Castlewood. He was proud of appearing at Harry's side, and as his humble retainer, in public talked about him to the company, gave orders to Harry's tradesmen, from whom, let us hope, he received a per centage in return for his recommendations, performed all the functions of aide-de-camp—others, if our young gentleman demanded them from the obsequious divine, who had gaily discharged the duties of *ami du prince* to ever so many young men of fashion, since his own entrance into the world. It must be confessed that, since his arrival in Europe, Mr. Warrington had not been uniformly lucky in the friendships which he had made.

"What a reputation, sir, they have made for you in this place!" cries Mr. Sampson coming back from the coffee-house to his patron. "Monsieur de Richelieu was nothing to you!"

"How do you mean, Monsieur de Richelieu?—Never was at Minorca in my life," says down-right Harry, who had not heard of those victories at home, which made the French duke famous.

Mr. Sampson explained. The pretty widow Patcham who had just arrived was certainly desperate about Mr. Warrington: her way of going on at the rooms, the night before, proved that. As for Mrs. Hooper, that was a known case, and the Alderman had fetched his wife back to London for no other reason. It was the talk of the whole Wells.

"Who says so?" cries out Harry, indignantly. "I should like to meet the man who dares say so, and confound the villain!"

"I should not like to show him to you," says Mr. Sampson, laughing. "It might be the worse for him."

"It's a shame to speak with such levity about the character of ladies or of gentlemen, either," continues Mr. Warrington, pacing up and down the room in a fume.

"So I told them," says the Chaplain, wagging his head and looking very much moved and very grave, though, if the truth were known, it had never come into his mind at all to be angry at hearing charges of this nature against Harry.

"It's a shame, I say, to talk away the reputation of any man or woman as people do here. Do you know, in our country, a fellow's ears would not be safe; and a little before I left home, three brothers shot down a man, for having spoken ill of their sister."

"Serve the villain right!" cries Sampson.

"Already they have had that calumny about me set a-going here, Sampson,—about me and the poor little French dancing-girl."

"I have heard," says Mr. Sampson, shaking powder out of his wig.

"Wicked; wasn't it?"

"Abominable."

"They said the very same thing about my Lord March. Isn't it shameful?"

"Indeed it is," says Mr. Sampson, preserving a face of wonderful gravity.

"I don't know what I should do if these stories were to come to my mother's ears. It would break her heart, I do believe it would. Why, only a few days before you came, a military friend of mine, Mr. Wolfe told me, how the most horrible lies were circulated about me. Good heavens! What do they think a gentleman of my name and country can be capable of—I a seducer of women? They might as well say I was a horse-stealer or a housebreaker. I vow if I hear any man say so, I'll have his ears!"

"I have read, sir, that the Grand Seignior of Turkey has bushels of ears sometimes sent in to him," says Mr. Sampson, laughing. "If you took all those that had heard scandal against you or others, what baskets full you would fill!"

"And so I would, Sampson, as soon as look at 'em:—any fellow's who said a word against a lady or a gentleman of honour!" cries the Virginian.

"If you'll go down to the Well, you'll find a harvest of 'em. I just came from there. It was the high tide of Scandal. Detraction was at its height. And you may see the *nymphas discentes* and the *aures satyrorum acutas*," cries the Chaplain, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"That may be as you say, Sampson," Mr. Warrington replies; "but if ever I hear any man speak against my character I'll punish him. Mark that."

"I shall be very sorry for his sake, that I should; for you'll mark him in a way he won't like, sir; and I know you are a man of your word."

"You may be sure of that, Sampson. And now shall we go to dinner, and afterwards to my Lady Trumpington's tea?"

"You know, sir, I can't resist a card or a bottle," says Mr. Sampson. "Let us have the last first and then the first shall come last." And with this the two gentlemen went off to their accustomed place of refection.

That was an age in which wine-bibbing was more common than in our politer time; and, especially since the arrival of General Braddock's army in his native country, our young Virginian had acquired rather a liking for the filling of bumpers and the calling of toasts; having heard that it was a point of honour among the officers, never to decline a toast or a challenge. So Harry and his Chaplain drank their claret in peace and plenty, naming, as the simple custom was, some favourite lady with each glass.

The chaplain had reasons of his own for desiring to know how far the affair between Harry and my Lady Maria had gone; whether it was advancing, or whether it was ended; and he and his young friend were just warm enough with the claret to be able to talk with that great eloquence, that candour, that admirable friendliness, which good wine taken in a rather injudicious quantity inspires. O kindly harvests of the Acquitanian grape! O sunny banks of Garonne! O friendly caves of Gledstane and Morel, where the dusky flasks lie recondite! May we not say a word of thanks for all the pleasure we owe you? Are the Temperance men to be allowed to shout in the public places? are the Vegetarians to bellow "Cabbage for ever?" and may we modest Œnophilists not sing the praises of our favourite plant? After the drinking of good Bordeaux wine, there is a point (I do not say a pint) at which men arrive, when all the generous faculties of the soul are awakened and in full vigour; when the wit brightens and breaks out in sudden flashes; when the intellects are keenest; when the pent up words and confined thoughts get a night-rule, and rush abroad and disport themselves; when the kindest affections come out and shake hands with mankind, and the timid Truth jumps up naked out of his well and proclaims himself to all the world. How, by the kind influence of the wine-cup, we succour the poor and humble! How bravely we rush to the rescue of the oppressed! I say, in the face of all the pumps which ever spouted, that there is a moment in a bout of good wine at which if a man could but remain, wit, wisdom, courage, generosity, eloquence, happiness, were his; but the moment passes, and that other glass somehow spoils the state of beatitude. There is a headache in the morning; we are not going into Parliament for our native town; we are not going to shoot those French officers who have been speaking disrespectfully of our country; and poor Jeremy Diddler calls about eleven o'clock for another half-sovereign, and we are unwell in bed, and can't see him, and send him empty away.

Well, then, as they sate over their generous cups, the company having departed, and the —th bottle of claret being brought in by Monsieur Barbeau, the Chaplain found himself in an eloquent state, with a strong desire for inculcating sublime moral precepts, whilst

Harry was moved by an extreme longing to explain his whole private history, and impart all his present feelings to his new friend. Mark that fact. Why *must* a man say everything that comes uppermost in his noble mind, because forsooth he has swallowed a half-pint more of wine than he ordinarily drinks? Suppose I had committed a murder (of course I allow the sherry and champagne at dinner), should I announce that homicide somewhere about the third bottle (in a small party of men) of claret at dessert? Of course: and hence the fidelity to water-gruel announced a few pages back.

"I am glad to hear what your conduct has really been with regard to the Cattarina, Mr. Warrington; I am glad from my soul!" says the impetuous Chaplain. "The wine is with you. You have shown that you can bear down calumny, and resist temptation. Ah! my dear sir, men are not all so fortunate. What famous good wine this is!" and he sucks up a glass with "A toast from you, my dear sir, if you please?"

"I give you 'Miss Fanny Mountain, of Virginia,'" says Mr. Warrington, filling a bumper as his thoughts fly straightway, ever so many thousand miles, to home.

"One of your American conquests, I suppose," says the Chaplain.

"Nay, she is but ten years old, and I have never made any conquests at all in Virginia, Mr. Sampson," says the young gentleman.

"You are like a true gentleman, and don't kiss and tell, sir."

"I neither kiss nor tell. It is n't the custom of our country, Sampson, to ruin girls, or frequent the society of low women. We Virginian gentlemen honour women: we don't wish to bring them to shame," cries the young toper, looking very proud and handsome. "The young lady whose name I mentioned hath lived in our family since her infancy, and I would shoot the man who did her a wrong;—by Heaven, I would."

"Your sentiments do you honour! Let me shake hands with you! I *will* shake hands with you, Mr. Warrington," cried the enthusiastic Sampson. "And let me tell you, 'tis the grasp of honest friendship offered you, and not merely the poor retainer paying court to the wealthy patron. No! with such liquor as this, all men are equal;—faith, all men are rich, whilst it lasts! and Tom Sampson is as wealthy with his bottle as your honour with all the acres of your principality!"

"Let us have another bottle of riches," says Harry, with a laugh. "Encor du cachet jaune, mon bon Monsieur Barbeau!" and exit Monsieur Barbeau to the caves below.

"Another bottle of riches! Capital, capital! How beautifully you speak French, Mr. Harry."

"I *do* speak it well," says Harry. "At least, when I speak, Monsieur Barbeau understands me well enough."

"You do everything well, I think. You succeed in whatever you try. That is why they have fancied here you have won the hearts of so many women, sir."

"There you go again about the women! I tell you I don't like

these stories about women. Confound me, Sampson, why is a gentleman's character to be blackened so?"

"Well, at any rate, there is one, unless my eyes deceive me very much indeed, sir!" cries the Chaplain.

"Whom do you mean?" asked Harry, flushing very red.

"Nay. I name no names. It isn't for a poor Chaplain to meddle with his betters' doings, or to know their thoughts," says Mr. Sampson.

"Thoughts! *what* thoughts, Sampson?"

"I fancied I saw on the part of a certain lovely and respected lady at Castlewood, a preference exhibited. I fancied on the side of a certain distinguished young gentleman a strong liking manifested itself: but I may have been wrong, and ask pardon."

"O Sampson, Sampson!" broke out the young man. "I tell you I am miserable. I tell you I have been longing for some one to confide in, or ask advice of. You *do* know, then, that there has been something going on—something between me and—Help Mr. Sampson, Monsieur Barbeau—and—and some one else?"

"I have watched it this month past," says the Chaplain.

"Confound me, sir, do you mean you have been a spy on me?" says the other hotly.

"A spy! You made little disguise of the matter, Mr. Warrington, and her ladyship wasn't a much better hand at deceiving. You were always together. In the shrubberies, in the walks, in the village, in the galleries of the house,—you always found a pretext for being together, and plenty of eyes besides mine watched you."

"Gracious powers! What *did* you see, Sampson?" cries the lad.

"Nay, sir, 'tis forbidden to kiss and tell. I say so again," says the Chaplain.

The young man turned very red. "O Sampson!" he cried, "can I—can I confide in you?"

"Dearest sir—dear generous youth—you know I would shed my heart's blood for you!" exclaims the Chaplain, squeezing his patron's hand, and turning a brilliant pair of eyes ceiling-wards.

"O Sampson! I tell you I am miserable. With all this play and wine, whilst I have been here, I tell you I have been trying to drive away care. I own to you that when we were at Castlewood there was things passed between a certain lady and me."

The parson gave a slight whistle over his glass of Bordeaux.

"And they've made me wretched, those things have. I mean, you see, that if a gentleman has given his word, why, it's his word, and he must stand by it you know. I mean that I thought I loved her,—and so I do very much, and she's a most dear, kind, darling, affectionate creature, and very handsome, too,—quite beautiful; but then, you know, our ages, Sampson. Think of our ages, Sampson! She's as old as my mother!"

"Who would never forgive you."

"I don't intend to let anybody meddle in my affairs, not Madam Esmond nor anybody else," cries Harry: "but you see, Sampson, she *is* old—and, O hang it! Why did Aunt Bernstein tell me?——"

"Tell you what?"

"Something I can't divulge to anybody, something that tortures me!"

"Not about the—the——" the chaplain paused: he was going to say about her ladyship's little affair with the French dancing master; about other little anecdotes affecting her character. But he had not drunk wine enough to be quite candid, or too much, and was past the real moment of virtue.

"Yes, yes, every one of 'em false—every one of 'em!" shrieks out Harry.

"Great powers, what do you mean?" asks his friend.

"These, sir, these!" says Harry, beating a tattoo on his own white teeth. "I didn't know it when I asked her. I swear I didn't know it. O, it's horrible—it's horrible! and it has caused me nights of agony, Sampson. My dear old grandfather had a set, a Frenchman at Charleston made them for him, and we used to look at 'em grinning in a tumbler, and when they were out, his jaws used to fall in—I never thought *she* had 'em."

"Had *what*, sir?" again asked the Chaplain.

"Confound it, sir, don't you see I mean *teeth?*" says Harry, rapping the table.

"Nay, only two."

"And how the devil do you know, sir?" asks the young man fiercely.

"I—I had it from her maid. She had two teeth knocked out by a stone which cut her lip a little, and they have been replaced."

"O, Sampson, do you mean to say they ain't *all* sham ones?" cries the boy.

"But two, sir, at least, so Peggy told me, and she would just as soon have blabbed about the whole two and thirty—the rest are as sound as yours, which are beautiful."

"And her hair, Sampson, is that all right, too?" asks the young gentleman.

"'Tis lovely—I have seen that. I can take my oath to that. Her ladyship can sit upon it; and her figure is very fine; and her skin is as white as snow; and her heart is the kindest that ever was; and I know, that is I feel sure, it is very tender about you, Mr. Warrington."

"O, Sampson! Heaven, Heaven bless you! What a weight you've taken off my mind with those—those—never mind them! O, Sam! How happy—that is, no, no—O, how miserable I am! She's as old as Madam Esmond—by George she is—she's as old as my mother. You wouldn't have a fellow marry a woman as old as his mother? It's too bad: by George it is. It's too bad." And here, I am sorry to say, Harry Esmond Warrington, Esquire, of Castlewood, in Virginia, began

to cry. The delectable point, you see, must have been passed several glasses ago.

"You don't want to marry her, then?" asks the Chaplain.

"What 's that to you, sir? I 've promised her, and an Esmond—a *Virginia* Esmond, mind that—Mr. What 's your name—Sampson—has but his word!" The sentiment was noble, but delivered by Harry with rather a doubtful articulation.

"Mind you, I said a Virginia Esmond," continued poor Harry, lifting up his finger, "I don't mean the younger branch here. I don't mean Will, who robbed me about the horse, and whose bones I 'll break. I give you Lady Maria—Heaven bless her, and Heaven bless *you*, Sampson, and you deserve to be a bishop, old boy!"

"There are letters between you, I suppose?" says Sampson.

"Letters! Dammy, she 's always writing me letters!—never gets me into a window but she sticks one in my cuff. Letters, that *is* a good idea. Look here! Here 's letters!" And he threw down a pocket-book containing a heap of papers of the poor lady's composition.

"Those *are* letters, indeed. What a post-bag!" says the Chaplain.

"But any man who touches them—dies—dies on the spot!" shrieks Harry, starting from his seat, and reeling towards his sword; which he draws, and then stamps with his foot, and says "Ha! ha!" and then lunges at M. Barbeau who skips away from the lunge behind the Chaplain, who looks rather alarmed. I know we could have had a much more exciting picture than either of those we present of Harry this month, and the lad with his hair dishevelled, raging about the room *flamberge au vent*, and pinking the affrighted innkeeper and chaplain would have afforded a good subject for the pencil. But O, to think of him stumbling over a stool, and prostrated by an enemy who has stole away his brains! Come Gumbo! and help your master to bed!

## CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH A FAMILY COACH IS ORDERED.

UR pleasing duty now is to divulge the secret which Mr. Lambert whispered in his wife's ear at the close of the antepenultimate chapter, and the publication of which caused such great pleasure to the whole of the Oakhurst family. As the hay was in, the corn not ready for cutting, and by consequence the farm horses disengaged, why, asked Colonel Lambert, should they not be put into the coach, and should we not all pay a visit to Tunbridge Wells, taking friend Wolfe at Westerham on our way?

Mamma embraced this proposal, and I dare say the honest gentleman who made it. All the children jumped for joy. The girls went off straightway to get together their best calamancoes, paduasoys, falbalas, furbelows, capes, cardinals, sacks, negligées, solitaires, caps, ribbons, mantuas, clocked stockings, and high-heeled shoes, and I know not what articles of toilette. Mamma's best robes were taken from the presses, whence they only issued on rare, solemn occasions, retiring immediately afterwards to lavender and seclusion; the brave Colonel produced his laced hat and waistcoat and silver-hilted hanger; Charley rejoiced in a *rasée* holiday suit of his father's, in which the Colonel had been married, and which Mrs. Lambert cut up, not without a pang. Ball and Dumpling had their tails and manes tied with ribbon, and Chump, the old white cart-horse, went as unicorn leader, to help the carriage-horses up the first hilly five miles of the road from Oakhurst to Westerham. The carriage was an ancient vehicle, and was believed to have served in the procession which had brought George I. from Greenwich to London, on his first arrival to

assume the sovereignty of these realms. It had belonged to Mr. Lambert's father, and the family had been in the habit of regarding it, ever since they could remember anything, as one of the most splendid coaches in the three kingdoms. Brian, coachman, and—must it also be owned?—ploughman, of the Oakhurst family, had a place on the box, with Mr. Charley by his side. The precious clothes were packed in imperials on the roof. The Colonel's pistols were put in the pockets of the carriage, and the blunderbuss hung behind the box, in reach of Brian, who was an old soldier. No highwayman, however, molested the convoy; not even an innkeeper levied contributions on Colonel Lambert, who, with a slender purse and a large family, was not to be plundered by those or any other depredators on the king's highway; and a reasonable cheap modest lodging had been engaged for them by young Colonel Wolfe, at the house where he was in the habit of putting up, and whither he himself accompanied them on horseback.

It happened that these lodgings were opposite Madame Bernstein's; and as the Oakhurst family reached their quarters on a Saturday evening, they could see chair after chair discharging powdered beaux and patched and brocaded beauties at the Baroness's door, who was holding one of her many card parties. The sun was not yet down (for our ancestors began their dissipations at early hours, and were at meat, drink, or cards, any time after three o'clock in the afternoon until any time in the night or morning), and the young country ladies and their mother from their window could see the various personages as they passed into the Bernstein rout. Colonel Wolfe told the ladies who most of the characters were. 'Twas almost as delightful as going to the party themselves, Hetty and Theo thought, for they not only could see the guests arriving, but look into the Baroness's open casements and watch many of them there. Of a few of the personages we have before had a glimpse. When the Duchess of Queensberry passed, and Mr. Wolfe explained who she was, Martin Lambert was ready with a score of lines about "Kitty, beautiful and young," from his favourite Mat. Prior.

"Think that that old lady was once like you, girls!" cries the Colonel.

"Like us, papa? Well, certainly we never set up for being beauties!" says Miss Hetty, tossing up her little head.

"Yes, like you, you little baggage; like you at this moment, who want to go to that drum yonder:—

> "Inflamed with rage at sad restraint
> Which wise mamma ordained,
> And sorely vexed to play the saint
> Whilst wit and beauty reigned."

"We were never invited, papa; and I am sure if there's no beauty more worth seeing than that, the wit can't be much worth the hearing," again says the satirist of the family.

"O, but he's a rare poet, Mat. Prior!" continues the Colonel; "though, mind you, girls, you'll skip over all the poems I have marked with a cross. A rare poet! and to think you should see one of his heroines! 'Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way' (she always will, Mrs. Lambert!)—

> "Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way,—
> Kitty at heart's desire
> Obtained the chariot for a day,
> And set the world on fire!"

"I am sure it must have been very inflammable," says mamma.

"So it was, my dear, twenty years ago, much more inflammable than it is now," remarks the Colonel.

"Nonsense, Mr. Lambert," is mamma's answer.

"Look, look!" cries Hetty, running forward and pointing to the little square, and the covered gallery, where was the door leading to Madame Bernstein's apartments, and round which stood a crowd of street urchins, idlers and yokels, watching the company.

"It's Harry Warrington!" exclaims Theo, waving a handkerchief to the young Virginian: but Warrington did not see Miss Lambert. The Virginian was walking arm-in-arm with a portly clergyman in a crisp rustling silk gown, and the two went into Madame de Bernstein's door.

"I heard him preach a most admirable sermon here last Sunday," says Mr. Wolfe; "a little theatrical, but most striking and eloquent."

"You seem to be here most Sundays, James," says Mrs. Lambert.

"And Monday, and so on till Saturday," adds the Colonel. "See, Harry has beautified himself already, hath his hair in buckle, and I have no doubt is going to the drum too."

"I had rather sit quiet generally of a Saturday evening," says sober Mr. Wolfe; "at any rate away from card-playing and scandal; but I own, dear Mrs. Lambert, I am under orders. Shall I go across the way and send Mr. Warrington to you?"

"No, let him have his sport. We shall see him to-morrow. He won't care to be disturbed amidst his fine folks by us country people," said meek Mrs. Lambert.

"I am glad he is with a clergyman who preaches so well," says Theo, softly; and her eyes seemed to say, You see, good people, he is not so bad as you thought him, and as I, for my part, never believed him to be. "The clergyman has a very kind, handsome face."

"Here comes a greater clergyman," cries Mr. Wolfe; "It is my lord of Salisbury, with his blue ribbon, and a chaplain behind him."

"And whom a mercy's name have we here?" breaks in Mrs. Lambert, as a sedan-chair, covered with gilding, topped with no less than five earl's coronets, carried by bearers in richly laced clothes, and preceded by three footmen in the same splendid livery, now came up to Madame de Bernstein's door. The Bishop, who had been about to

enter, stopped, and ran back with the most respectful bows and curtsies to the sedan-chair, giving his hand to the lady who stepped thence.

"Who on earth is this?" asks Mrs. Lambert.

"Sprechen sie Deutsch. Ja meinherr. Nichts verstand," says the waggish colonel.

"Pooh, Martin."

"Well, if you can't understand High Dutch, my love, how can I help it? Your education was neglected at school. Can you understand heraldry—I know you can?"

"I make," cries Charley, reciting the shield, "three merions on a field *or*, with an earl's coronet."

"A countess's coronet, my son. The Countess of Yarmouth, my son."

"And pray who is she?"

"It hath ever been the custom of our sovereigns to advance persons of distinction to honour," continues the colonel, gravely, "and this eminent lady hath been so promoted by our gracious monarch, to the rank of Countess of this kingdom."

"But why, papa?" asked the daughters together.

"Never mind, girls!" said mamma.

But that incorrigible colonel would go on.

"Y, my children, is one of the last and the most awkward letters of the whole alphabet. When I tell you stories, you are always saying Why. Why should my Lord Bishop be cringing to that lady? Look at him rubbing his fat hands together, and smiling into her face! It 's not a handsome face any longer. It is all painted red and white like Scaramouch's in the pantomime. See, there comes another blue-riband, as I live. My Lord Bamborough. The descendant of the Hotspurs. The proudest man in England. He stops, he bows, he smiles; he is hat in hand, too. See, she taps him with her fan. Get away, you crowd of little blackguard boys, and don't tread on the robe of the lady whom the king delights to honour."

"But why does the King honour her?" ask the girls once more.

"There goes that odious last letter but one! Did you ever hear of her Grace the Duchess of Kendal? No. Of the Duchess of Portsmouth? Non plus. Of the Duchess of La Vallière? Of Fair Rosamond, then?"

"Hush, papa! There is no need to bring blushes on the cheeks of my dear ones, Martin Lambert!" said the mother, putting her finger to her husband's lip.

"'Tis not I; it is their sacred Majesties who are the cause of the shame," cries the son of the old republican. "Think of the Bishops of the Church and the proudest nobility of the world cringing and bowing before that painted High Dutch Jezebel. O it 's a shame! a shame!"

"Confusion!" here broke out Colonel Wolfe, and, making a dash at his hat, ran from the room. He had seen the young lady whom he

admired and her guardian walking across the Pantiles on foot to the Baroness's party, and they came up whilst the Countess of Yarmouth-Walmoden was engaged in conversation with the two lords spiritual and temporal, and these two made the lowest reverences and bows to the Countess, and waited until she had passed in at the door on the Bishop's arm.

Theo turned away from the window with a sad, almost awe-stricken face. Hetty still remained there, looking from it with indignation in her eyes, and a little red spot on each cheek.

"A penny for little Hetty's thoughts," says mamma, coming to the window to lead the child away.

"I am thinking what I should do if I saw papa bowing to that woman," says Hetty."

Tea and a hissing kettle here made their appearance, and the family sate down to partake of their evening meal, leaving however Miss Hetty, from her place, command of the window, which she begged her brother not to close. That young gentleman had been down amongst the crowd to inspect the armorial bearings of the Countess's and other sedans, no doubt, and also to invest sixpence in a cheese-cake by mamma's order and his own desire, and he returned presently with this delicacy wrapped up in a paper.

"Look, mother," he comes back and says, "do you see that big man in brown beating all the pillars with his stick? That is the learned Mr. Johnson. He comes to the Friars sometimes to see our master. He was sitting with some friends just now at the tea-table before Mrs. Brown's tart-shop. They have tea there, twopence a cup; I heard Mr. Johnson say he had had seventeen cups—that makes two-and-tenpence—what a *sight* of money for tea!"

"What would you have, Charley?" asks Theo.

"I think I would have cheese-cakes," says Charley, sighing, as his teeth closed on a large slice, "and the gentleman whom Mr. Johnson was with," continues Charley, with his mouth quite full, "was Mr. Richardson who wrote——"

"Clarissa!" cry all the women in a breath, and run to the window to see their favourite writer. By this time the sun was sunk, the stars were twinkling overhead, and the footmen came and lighted the candles in the Baroness's room opposite our spies.

Theo and her mother were standing together looking from their place of observation. There was a small illumination at Mrs. Brown's tart and tea-shop, by which our friends could see one lady getting Mr. Richardson's hat and stick, and another tying a shawl round his neck, after which he walked home.

"O dear me! he does not look like Grandison!" cries Theo.

"I rather think I wish we had not seen him, my dear," says mamma, who has been described as a most sentimental woman and eager novel reader; and here again they were interrupted by Miss Hetty, who cried:

"Never mind that little fat man, but look yonder, mamma."

And they looked yonder. And they saw, in the first place, Mr. Warrington undergoing the honour of a presentation to the Countess of Yarmouth, who was still followed by the obsequious peer and prelate with the blue ribands. And now the Countess graciously sate down to a card-table, the Bishop and the Earl and a fourth person being her partners. And now Mr. Warrington came into the embrasure of the window with a lady whom they recognised as the lady whom they had seen for a few minutes at Oakhurst.

"How much finer he is," remarks mamma.

"How he is improved in his looks. What has he done to himself?" asks Theo.

"Look at his grand lace frills and ruffles! My dear, he has not got on our shirts any more," cries the matron.

"What are you talking about, girls?" asks papa, reclining on his sofa, where, perhaps, he was dozing after the fashion of honest housefathers.

The girls said how Harry Warrington was in the window, talking with his cousin Lady Maria Esmond.

"Come away!" cries papa. "You have no right to be spying the young fellow. Down with the curtains, I say!"

And down the curtains went, so that the girls saw no more of Madam Bernstein's guests or doings for that night.

I pray you be not angry at my remarking, if only by way of contrast between these two opposite houses, that while Madame Bernstein and her guests—bishop, dignitaries, noblemen, and what not—were gambling or talking scandal, or devouring champagne and chickens (which I hold to be venial sin), or doing honour to her ladyship the king's favourite, the Countess of Yarmouth-Walmoden, our country friends in their lodgings knelt round their table, whither Mr. Brian the coachman came as silently as his creaking shoes would let him, whilst Mr. Lambert, standing up, read in a low voice, a prayer that Heaven would lighten their darkness and defend them from the perils of that night, and a supplication that it would grant the request of those two or three gathered together.

Our young folks were up betimes on Sunday morning, and arrayed themselves in those smart new dresses which were to fascinate the Tunbridge folks, and, with the escort of brother Charley, paced the little town, and the quaint Pantiles, and the pretty common, long ere the company was at breakfast, or the bells had rung to church. It was Hester who found out where Harry Warrington's lodging must be, by remarking Mr. Gumbo in an undress, with his lovely hair in curl-papers, drawing a pair of red curtains aside, and opening a window sash, whence he thrust his head and inhaled the sweet morning breeze. Mr. Gumbo did not happen to see the young people from Oakhurst, though they beheld him clearly enough. He leaned gracefully from

the window; he waved a large feather-brush with which he condescended to dust the furniture of the apartment within; he affably engaged in conversation with a cherry-cheeked milk-maid, who was lingering under the casement, and kissed his lily hand to her. Gumbo's hand sparkled with rings, and his person was decorated with a profusion of jewellery—gifts, no doubt, of the fair who appreciated the young African. Once or twice more before breakfast-time the girls passed near that window. It remained open, but the room behind it was blank. No face of Harry Warrington appeared there. Neither spoke to the other of the subject on which both were brooding. Hetty was a little provoked with Charley who was clamorous about breakfast, and told him he was always thinking of eating. In reply to her sarcastic inquiry, he artlessly owned he should like another cheese-cake, and good-natured Theo, laughing, said she had a sixpence, and if the cake-shop were open of a Sunday morning Charley should have one. The cake-shop was open: and Theo took out her little purse, netted by her dearest friend at school, and containing her pocket-piece, her grandmother's guinea, her slender little store of shillings—nay, some copper money at one end; and she treated Charley to the meal which he loved.

"A great deal of fine company was at church. There was that funny old duchess, and old Madame Bernstein, with Lady Maria at her side, and Mr. Wolfe, of course, by the side of Miss Lowther, and singing with her out of the same psalm-book; and Mr. Richardson with a bevy of ladies. One of them is Miss Fielding, papa tells them after church, Harry Fielding's sister. O girls, what good company he was! And his books are worth a dozen of your milk-sop Pamelas and Clarissas, Mrs. Lambert: but what woman ever loved true humour? And there was Mr. Johnson sitting amongst the charity-children. Did you see how he turned round to the altar at the Belief, and upset two or three of the scared little urchins in leather breeches? And what a famous sermon Harry's parson gave, didn't he? A sermon about scandal. How he touched up some of the old harridans who were seated round! Why wasn't Mr. Warrington at church? It was a shame he wasn't at church."

"I really did not remark whether he was there or not," says Miss Hetty, tossing her head up.

But Theo, who was all truth, said, "Yes, I thought of him, and was sorry he was not there; and so did you think of him, Hetty."

"I did no such thing, Miss," persists Hetty.

"Then why did you whisper to me it was Harry's clergyman who preached?"

"To think of Mr. Warrington's clergyman is not to think of Mr. Warrington. It was a most excellent sermon, certainly, and the children sang most dreadfully out of tune. And there is Lady Maria at the window opposite, smelling at the roses; and that is Mr. Wolfe's step, I know his great military tramp. Right left—right left! How do you do, Colonel Wolfe?"

"Why do you look so glum, James?" asks Colonel Lambert, good-naturedly. "Has the charmer been scolding thee, or is thy conscience pricked by the sermon. Mr. Sampson, isn't the parson's name? A famous preacher, on my word!"

"A pretty preacher, and a pretty practitioner!" says Mr. Wolfe, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Why I thought the discourse did not last ten minutes, and madam did not sleep one single wink during the sermon, didst thou, Molly?"

"Did you see when the fellow came into church?" asked the indignant Colonel Wolfe. "He came in at the open door of the common, just in time, and as the psalm was over."

"Well, he had been reading the service probably to some sick person, there are many here," remarks Mrs. Lambert.

"Reading the service! O, my good Mrs. Lambert! Do you know where I found him? I went to look for your young scapegrace of a Virginian."

"His own name is a very pretty name, I'm sure," cries out Hetty. "It isn't Scapegrace! It is Henry Esmond Warrington, Esquire."

"Miss Hester, I found the parson in his cassock, and Henry Esmond Warrington, Esquire, in his bed-gown, at a quarter before eleven o'clock in the morning, when all the Sunday bells were ringing, and they were playing over a game of picquet they had had the night before!"

"Well, numbers of good people play at cards of a Sunday. The King plays at cards of a Sunday."

"Hush, my dear!"

"I know he does," says Hetty, "with that painted person we saw yesterday, that Countess what d'you call her?"

"I think, my dear Miss Hester, a clergyman had best take to God's books instead of the Devil's books on that day—and so I took the liberty of telling your parson." Hetty looked as if she thought it *was* a liberty which Mr. Wolfe had taken. "And I told our young friend that I thought he had better have been on his way to church than there in his bed-gown."

"You wouldn't have Harry go to church in a dressing-gown and night-cap, Colonel Wolfe? That *would* be a pretty sight, indeed!" again says Hetty fiercely.

"I would have my little girl's tongue not wag quite so fast," remarks papa, patting the girl's flushed little cheek.

"Not speak when a friend is attacked, and nobody says a word in his favour? No; nobody!"

Here the two lips of the little mouth closed on each other; the whole little frame shook: the child flung a parting look of defiance at Mr. Wolfe, and went out of the room, just in time to close the door, and burst out crying on the stair.

Mr. Wolfe looked very much discomfited. "I am sure, Aunt Lambert, I did not intend to hurt Hester's feelings."

"No, James," she said, very kindly. The young officer used to call her Aunt Lambert, in quite early days, and she gave him her hand.

Mr. Lambert whistled his favourite tune of "Over the hills and far away," with a drum accompaniment performed by his fingers on the window. "I say, you musn't whistle on Sunday, papa!" cried the artless young gown-boy from Grey Friars; and then suggested that it was three hours from breakfast, and he should like to finish Theo's cheese cake.

"O, you greedy child!" cries Theo. But here, hearing a little exclamatory noise outside, she ran out of the room, closing the door behind her. And we will not pursue her. The noise was that sob which broke from Hester's panting, over-loaded heart; and, though we cannot see, I am sure the little maid flung herself on her sister's neck, and wept upon Theo's kind bosom.

Hetty did not walk out in the afternoon when the family took the air on the common, but had a headache and lay on her bed, where her mother watched her. Charley had discovered a comrade from Grey Friars: Mr. Wolfe of course paired off with Miss Lowther: and Theo and her father, taking their sober walk in the Sabbath sunshine, found Madame Bernstein basking on a bench under a tree, her niece and nephew in attendance. Harry ran up to greet his dear friends: he was radiant with pleasure at beholding them—the elder ladies were most gracious to the colonel and his wife, who had so kindly welcomed their Harry.

How noble and handsome he looked! Theo thought—she called him by his Christian name, as if he were really her brother. "Why did we not see you sooner to-day, Harry?" she asked.

"I never thought you were here, Theo."

"But you might have seen us if you wished."

"Where?" asked Harry.

"*There*, sir," she said, pointing to the church. And she held her hand up as if in reproof; but a sweet kindness beamed in her honest face. Ah, friendly young reader, wandering on the world and struggling with temptation, may you also have one or two pure hearts to love and pray for you!

# A NEW AMUSEMENT FOR SUMMER.

**Just Published, Complete in One thick Volume, small 4to, with numerous richly-coloured Engravings, Price 7s. 6d., cloth.**

THE

# BUTTERFLY VIVARIUM;

OR,

## INSECT HOME.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF

A NEW METHOD OF OBSERVING THE WONDERFUL METAMORPHOSES OF SOME OF THE MOST CONSPICUOUS AND BEAUTIFUL OF OUR NATIVE INSECTS.

COMPRISING ALSO

A POPULAR DESCRIPTION OF THE HABITS AND INSTINCTS OF MANY OF THE INSECTS OF THE VARIOUS CLASSES REFERRED TO; WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SUCCESSFUL STUDY OF ENTOMOLOGY BY MEANS OF AN INSECT VIVARIUM; TO WHICH IS APPENDED A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT STATE OF THAT INTERESTING SCIENCE.

BY

H. NOEL HUMPHREYS,

Author of "British Moths and their Transformations," "Insect Changes," "Ocean Gardens," etc.

### PROSPECTUS.

THE wonderful changes of form and aspect undergone in the course of their development by some of the most beautiful and best known among our native insects have long been objects of curiosity to all such as are capable of being interested and attracted by the beauties and mysteries of nature; and since

the time of the popular pioneer of natural science, Gilbert White, of Selborne, many excellent works of pleasing and popular character, on the subject of Entomology, have issued from the press. But for want of some method of "living illustration," they have hitherto failed to convey to the ordinary reader more than a very generalized view of the subject. Few, indeed, among those who have perused the works alluded to, and that, too, with a certain amount of real interest, have imbibed more concerning the nature of insect transformations than that the egg of a moth or butterfly becomes in turn a caterpillar, a chrysalis, and eventually a winged insect of the same kind as its parent.

This is certainly a great advance on the state of knowledge prevalent before the time of Swammerdam, when it was generally believed that larvæ sprang into spontaneous life from decaying organic matter, and that their subsequent changes, instead of being successive stages of development, were absolute metamorphoses. Such an advance in the knowledge of the subject is common to all educated persons; but beyond such vaguely-shadowed general principles, little is known. All are aware that a certain caterpillar is destined to pass through a chrysaline stage of torpor, and eventually to become a winged insect; but of what special kind of winged insect few are able even to guess, because the instructions they have received have not been accompanied by actual observation of real objects.

It is this actual observation which "The Butterfly Vivarium" will afford the opportunity of making, by placing vividly beneath the eye of the student the progressive development of the real insect in all its stages, in such a way as will facilitate the watching of the transformations in all their wonderful changes of external aspect. The insect vivarium will therefore furnish to our volume a series of living illustrations, in addition to those afforded by the engraver and colorist, and offer a continually-developing commentary on the lessons in natural history put forth in its pages.

The Butterfly Vivarium itself, forming the material illustrations of this volume, has been so planned as to form, at the same time, both a means of fascinating study and a pleasing drawing-room ornament, by means of which many a new chapter in the history of Moths, Butterflies, Dragon-flies, Beetles, and other beautiful insects, may be strikingly exhibited.

The little structure, according to instructions in a chapter devoted to that part of the subject, may be made either most economically simple, or exceedingly ornamental; and in case of students having neither time nor predilection for executing the work themselves, or having it done under their own directions, a manufacturer has been engaged, who has undertaken to furnish them at excessively reasonable prices; while several professional naturalists, whose addresses will be given at the end of the volume, have undertaken to furnish to such as have no opportunity of "hunting" for themselves a supply of rare and interesting Caterpillars, Chrysalids, etc., suitable for rearing in the vivarium.

LONDON: WILLIAM LAY, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND;
JOHN MENZIES, EDINBURGH; McGLASHAN & GILL, DUBLIN;
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.


## BUTTERFLY VIVARIA

Of different sizes are now being constructed by Messrs. J. and W. SANDERS, of 1½, Guilford Street, Gray's Inn Road (where specimens may be seen), at the following prices:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 3 ft. 0 in. long, 2 ft. 6 in. high, and 1 ft. 6 in. wide . . . . . | £4 0 0 |
| 2 „ 6 „ „ 2 „ 0 „ „ „ 1 „ 4 „ „ . . . . . | 3 10 0 |
| 2 „ 2 „ „ 2 „ 0 „ „ „ 1 „ 4 „ „ . . . . | 3 0 0 |

Intending purchasers are recommended to communicate early with the manufacturers, as orders for the above will be executed according to priority of application.


London: THOMAS HARRILD, Printer, 11, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London.

# MAPPIN'S CUTLERY & ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE.

# MESSRS. MAPPIN BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO THE QUEEN,

Are the only Sheffield makers who supply the consumer direct in London. Their London Show-Rooms, 67 and 68, King William Street, London Bridge, contain by far the largest stock of Cutlery and Electro-Silver Plate in the world, which is transmitted direct from their manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

## ELECTRO-SILVER SPOONS & FORKS,

FULL SIZE.

| | Fiddle Pattern. £ s. d. | Double Thread. £ s. d. | King's Pattern. £ s. d. | Lilly Pattern. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12 Table Forks, best quality | 1 16 0 | 2 14 0 | 3 0 0 | 3 12 0 |
| 12 Table Spoons do. | 1 16 0 | 2 14 0 | 3 0 0 | 3 12 0 |
| 12 Dessert Forks do. | 1 7 0 | 2 0 0 | 2 4 0 | 2 14 0 |
| 12 Dessert Spoons do. | 1 7 0 | 2 0 0 | 2 4 0 | 2 14 0 |
| 12 Tea Spoons do. | 0 16 0 | 1 4 0 | 1 7 0 | 1 16 0 |
| 2 Sauce Ladles do. | 0 8 0 | 0 10 0 | 0 11 0 | 0 13 0 |
| 1 Gravy Spoon do. | 0 7 0 | 0 10 6 | 0 11 0 | 0 13 0 |
| 4 Salt Spoons (gilt bowls) do. | 0 6 8 | 0 10 0 | 0 12 0 | 0 14 0 |
| 1 Mustard Spoon do. | 0 1 8 | 0 2 6 | 0 3 0 | 0 3 6 |
| 1 Pair Sugar Tongs do. | 0 3 6 | 0 5 6 | 0 6 0 | 0 7 0 |
| 1 Pair Fish Carvers do. | 1 0 0 | 1 10 0 | 1 14 0 | 1 18 0 |
| 1 Butter Knife do. | 0 3 0 | 0 5 0 | 0 6 0 | 0 7 0 |
| 1 Soup Ladle do. | 0 12 0 | 0 16 0 | 0 17 6 | 1 0 0 |
| 6 Egg Spoons (gilt) do. | 0 10 0 | 0 15 0 | 0 18 0 | 1 1 0 |
| Complete Service | £10 13 10 | 15 16 6 | 17 13 6 | 21 4 6 |

Any article can be had separately at the same prices.

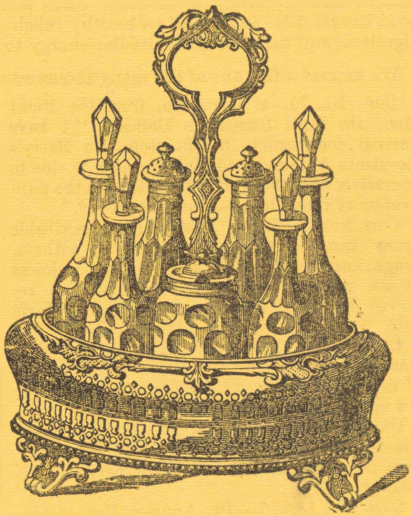
One set of 4 Corner Dishes (forming 8 Dishes), £8 8s.; One Set of 4 Dish Covers—viz., one 20-inch, one 18-inch, and two 14-inch—£10 10s.; Cruet Frame, 4 Glass, 24s.; Full-size Tea and Coffee Service, £9 10s. A Costly Book of Engravings, with Prices attached, may be had on application.

| | Ordinary Quality. £ s. d. | Medium Quality. £ s. d. | Best Quality. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Two Dozen Full-Size Table Knives, Ivory Handles | 2 4 0 | 3 6 0 | 4 12 0 |
| ½ Doz. Full-Size Cheese ditto | 1 4 0 | 1 14 6 | 2 11 0 |
| One Pair Regular Meat Carvers | 0 7 6 | 0 11 0 | 0 15 6 |
| One Pair Extra-Sized ditto | 0 8 6 | 0 12 0 | 0 16 6 |
| One Pair Poultry Carvers | 0 7 6 | 0 11 0 | 0 15 6 |
| One Steel for Sharpening | 0 3 0 | 0 4 0 | 0 6 0 |
| Complete Service | £4 16 0 | 6 18 6 | 9 16 6 |

Messrs. Mappin's Table Knives still maintain their unrivalled superiority; all their blades being their own Sheffield manufacture, are of the very first quality, with secure Ivory Handles, which do not come loose in hot water; and the difference in price is occasioned solely by the superior quality and thickness of the Ivory Handles.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, 67 and 68, King William-street, City, London; Manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

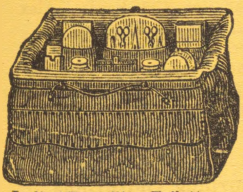
MAPPIN'S POCKET KNIVES, PRUNING KNIVES, SCISSORS, &c.,
In every variety, warranted good by the Makers.



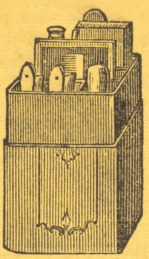
MESSRS. MAPPIN'S

# DRESSING CASES AND TRAVELLING BAGS,

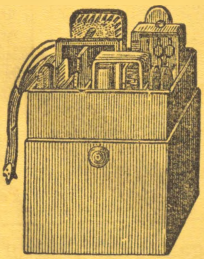
SENT DIRECT FROM THEIR MANUFACTORY.



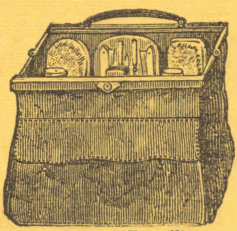
Ladies' Travelling Toilette and Dressing-Bag, fitted complete, £4 15s.



Mappin's Gentlemen's Dressing-Case, fitted complete, £1 1s.



Mappin's Solid Leather Dressing-Case, fitted complete, £2 2s.



Gentlemen's Travelling Dressing-Bag, fitted complete, £4 8s.

Messrs. MAPPIN BROTHERS respectfully invite buyers to inspect their unprecedented display, which, for beauty of design, exquisite workmanship, and novelty, stands unrivalled. Their Illustrated Catalogue, which is continually receiving additions of new designs, will be forwarded post free on application.

# MAPPIN BROTHERS,

**Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield; and 67, King William Street, London,**

WHERE THE STOCK IS SENT DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTORY.

# NO MORE PILLS NOR ANY OTHER MEDICINE.

CURES (WITHOUT PHYSIC) of Indigestion (Dyspepsia), Constipation, Flatulency, Phlegm, —all Nervous, Bilious, and Liver Complaints,—Hysteria, Neuralgia, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Acidity, Palpitation, Heartburn, Headache, Debility, Despondency, Cramps, Spasms, Nausea, and Sickness (during Pregnancy or at Sea), Sinking Fits, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, also Children's Complaints, are effected by

## DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS

# REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD,

WHICH Restores Health without Purging, Inconvenience, or Expense, as it Saves Fifty Times its Cost in other remedies. It is, moreover, the best Food for Infants and Invalids generally, as it never turns acid on the weakest stomach, nor interferes with a good liberal diet, but imparts a healthy relish for lunch and dinner, and restores the faculty of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy to the most enfeebled.

We extract a few out of the many thousand expressions of gratitude from invalids :—

Cure No. 71, of dyspepsia, from the Right Hon. the Lord Stuart de Decies. "I have derived considerable benefit from Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food, and consider it due to yourselves and the public to authorise the publication of these lines.—Stuart de Decies."

Cure No. 49,832.—"Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach, and vomiting, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent Food.—Maria Joly, Wortham Ling, near Diss, Norfolk."

Cure No. 47,121.—Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of Nazing Vicarage, Waltham Cross, Herts, a cure of extreme nervousness, indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies.

Cure No. 48,314.—Miss Elizabeth Yeoman, Gateacre, near Liverpool, a cure of ten years' dyspepsia, and all the horrors of nervous irritability.

Cure No. 18,216.—Dr. Andrew Ure, of constipation, dyspepsia, nervous irritability.

Cure No. 34,210.—Dr. Shorland, of dropsy and debility.

Cure No. 36,212.—Captain Allan, of epileptic fits.

Cure No. 42,116.—Major Edie, of enlargement of the liver and total prostration of strength.

Cure No. 36,418.—Rev. Dr. Minster, of cramps, spasms, and daily vomitings.

Cure No. 26,418.—Dr. Harvey, of diarrhœa and debility.

Cure No. 39,628.—Dr. Wurtzer, of consumption.

Cure No. 32,880.—William Hunts, Esq., Barrister, of paralysis.

Cure No. 46,270.—Mr. James Roberts, Woodmerchant, of thirty years' diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver derangement, partial deafness.

Cure No. 46,814.—Mr. Samuel Laxton, Leicester, of two years' diarrhœa.

Cure No. 52,612.—The Dowager Countess of Castlestuart, of many years' nervous irritability, bile, and indigestion.

Cure No. 54,812.—Miss Virginia Zeguers, cured of consumption, after her medical advisers had abandoned all hopes of recovery.

Cure No. 180.—"Twenty-five years' nervousness, constipation, indigestion, and debility, from which I have suffered great misery, and which no medicine could remove or relieve, have been effectually cured by Du Barry's Food in a very short time.—W. R. Reeves, 181, Fleet Street, London."

Cure No. 4,208.—"Eight years' dyspepsia, nervousness, debility, with cramps, spasms, and nausea, for which my servant had consulted the advice of many, have been effectually cured by Du Barry's health-restoring Food. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries.—Rev. John W. Flavell, Ridlington Rectory, Norfolk."

Cure No. 32,836.—"Three years' excessive nervousness, with pains in my neck and left arm, and general debility, which rendered my life very miserable, has been radically removed by Du Barry's health-restoring Food.—Alex. Stuart, Archdeacon of Ross, Skibbereen."

Cure No. 3,906.—"Thirteen years' cough, indigestion, and general debility, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent Revalenta Arabica Food.—James Porter, Athol Street, Perth."

### Important Caution Against the Fearful Dangers of Spurious Imitations.

THE Vice-Chancellor, Sir William Page Wood, granted an Injunction on the 10th March, 1854, against Alfred Hooper Nevill, for imitating "Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food."

Suitably packed for all climates, and with full instructions. In canisters, 1 lb., 2s. 9d.; 2 lb., 4s. 6d.; 5 lb., 11s.; 12 lb., 22s.; Super-refined quality, 1 lb., 6s.; 2 lb., 11s.; 5 lb., 22s.; 10 lb., 33s. The 10 lb. and 12 lb. Canisters are forwarded carriage free, on receipt of Post-Office Order.

BARRY DU BARRY & CO., 77, Regent Street, London; FORTNUM, MASON, & Co., 182, Piccadilly; ABBIS & Co., 60, Gracechurch Street; 63 and 150, Oxford Street; 330, Strand.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.